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"AND ETHIOPIA SHALL STRETCH FORTH HER HAND."

THE FREEMAN

A NATIONAL ILLUSTRATED COLORED NEWSPAPER.

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THE RHODE ISLAND ELECTION.

The Australian System Tested—An Afro-American Defeated—Political Healers Ventilated—Paragraphs Pertinent and Personal—Notes.

Providence R. I., Special to THE FREEMAN.

The Rhode Island election is a thing of the past and as predicted by your correspondent has resulted in a victory for the Republican party. The circumstances that surround this victory are of a peculiar nature and although Mr. Ladd will be our governor next year, yet, according to the laws of a Republican form of government but not according to the laws of Rhode Island, the office really belongs to the Democratic candidate, John W. Davis. A man to be elected to an office in Rhode Island must necessarily have a majority as well as a plurality and although Mr. Davis had a plurality of 573 yet he lacks 1,974 of a majority hence he is not elected. On this account the election will be thrown into the legislature which is Republican without doubt and Mr. Ladd will be chosen governor for a second time without the vote of the majority of citizens. He lacks 2,500 votes of securing his office by the people's suffrage. He gained 7000 votes over the figures of last year, and he can ascribe this to the almost entire demolition and obliteration of the Union party which was originally instituted on a Republican basis. There was a marked increase of the Prohibition vote which was last year 1,300 and this year 1,800.

The tidings from all parts of the state show the success of the Australian system of voting. The fact that the usual throng of vote solicitors and loafers loitering around the polls was wanting, go to prove that conscientions and well thinking citizens could once vote according to their desires. In the annals of the state according to unquestionable authority has there ever been so orderly an election. The absence of the vote buyers was one of the most conspicuous signs of the day and whatever deals were made there was no public demonstration of them such as has often been the case in previous elections. The law is as simple in operation as a, b, c and the supervisors were very seldom called upon to assist voters. Of course Ballot Reform will not entirely wipe out the stain of bribery but it will give a serious check to it as there is no assurance that the voter stands by his agreement after he has promised in order to receive the small compensation. The adoption of the law will make the beginning of reform in Rhode Island politics and the day is approaching when the chances to buy an office will be fertile in the extreme. Finally it is to be hoped that the Australian system of voting will bring into Rhode Island a reform in politics as great as the reform wrought in Ancient Rome by the Gracchi; that it will mark in Rhode Island politics an era for their purification as great as the passage of the Reform Bill in 1839 for the abolition of aristocratic patronage and corruption in the parlimentary elections of England.

The defeat of Mr. Jenkins, our candidate for the General Assembly, is due to the dilatory actions on the part of certain men who persisted in placing his name before the people as a candidate. The meeting at which Mr. Jenkins was nominated did not include the majority of the Afro-American voters of Providence. Not only this but it was a disgrace to our people. So anxious were the adherents of Mr. Jenkins to place him in nomination that, having the chairman under their magic sway, they hurled all other candidates to the receptable of insignificance without any consideration or reason. Mr. Jenkins was nominated and his popularity has been tested and found wanting. Mr. Jenkins is a gentleman in every sense of the word but he is not capable to represent the people of Providence in the legislature. It is now time to give some other man a chance.

The part borne by our Afro-Americans in this election did not materially effect the result. There were two colored men on the legislature ticket, Messrs. Jenkins and VanHorn. At the Republican convention there was an absence of our leading colored men. Of course owing to the Ballot Reform Law several of the political heelers, (many of whom we are sorry to say are are colored) lost their opportunity to put in "good words" at the polls. But in speaking of the leading Afro-American politicians of Providence we are sorry to say that the most of them exercise their abilities too much to expound on the topics of the day in the barber-shops and other places where they can find a crowd of innocent listeners. If you should place these same men (most of them have a local reputation of being "smart") among men of intelligence in our halls of legislation or even place them amongst a group of common politicians and they will pose in silence, at a loss for the words to express their thoughts or thoughts to express their words. There are too many ignorant would be leaders of our people in Providence and the sooner we set these beings aside the better.

The fair for the benefit of Ives Post closed last Friday evening after a most successful run of two weeks. The Sons of Veterans, the Galilean Fisherman, the Odd Fellows and other societies attended during the levee. Crowded houses has been the rule and no doubt a snug sum was realized for the veterans.

The Cook's and Waiter's Association installed their new officers last week. After a sumptious repast several speeches were indulged in and the new officers were toasted again and again.

The Rev. Mr. Bowen's came forward and delivered a special sermon last Sunday afternoon taking for his subject "Shall Christians Dance?" This question has been one of the topics of discussion in Providence this winter but all efforts to restrain our young people from indulging in this innocent amusement are in vain.

Notoriety gained before it is earned soon perishes. It would be well if some of our young men of Providence should take that into consideration. It is to great an extent the desire of some of them to reach the top of the ladder without mounting step by step. The desire to become tradesmen before they are apprentices, clerks before they are office boys prevails too much for their common good. Be careful young men, begin at the bottom and mount the steps of experience before you reach the pinnacle.

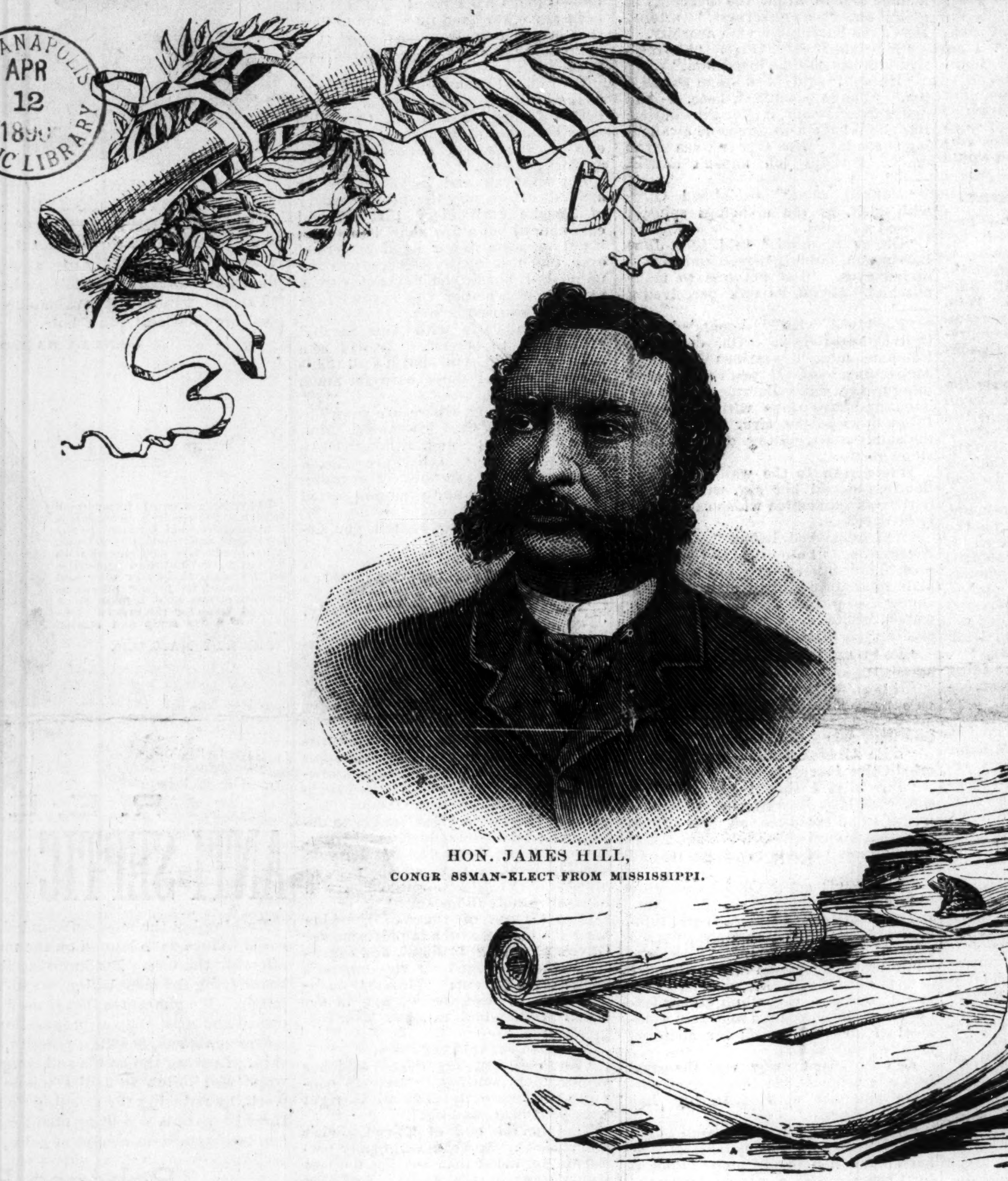
Mr. G. F. Hicks has been appointed advertising agent for the "New England Torchlight."

There are two complimentary receptions on file for next month, one by Apolla Club, the other by some of our younger people who expect to close the season in a befiting way.

The Lycenm connected with the Olivet Congregational church has elected the following officers: President, Miss Rebecca Howard; Secretary, Mr. Fred Conway; Asst. Secretary, A. Blads; Treasurer, Miss Mary Black; first member of Question Committee, Mr. O. L. Skipworth; second member, Miss Mary Tyler; third member, Mr. George Kibby. Meetings are held every Monday evening, and Sunday afternoon.

THE FREEMAN has a larger circulation than any other colored paper that comes to Providence. The best Providence letters, letters that contain thought rather than gossip. Speak to your neighbors and see if they take THE FREEMAN. Let Providence do her share to increase the circulation.

AMICUS.



HON. JAMES HILL,
CONGR SSMAN-ELECT FROM MISSISSIPPI.

THE BLACK REPUBLIC-

Santo-Domingo—A Land of Reverses and Revolutions—President Hereaux and Others.

Written expressly for THE FREEMAN.

The question of where the World's Fair will be held is at present agitating the minds of all patriotic citizens, it would seem that the national capital was the place for such an event but no matter so long as it is an accomplished fact. This fair will be interesting to us as a race of people, because the island occupied by two black republics is the famous Santo Domingo upon which Columbus landed after his perilous voyage from the Canary Islands into unknown seas and into unexplored regions. We do not seem to realize as a class, that the most historical and romantic spot on the western continent is in possession of the blacks, but so it is. The discovery of Santo Domingo was the seed dropped on fertile ground from which has sprung the noble tree, American Liberty, with its many branches and luxurious foliage full of life and activity, bringing forth the finest political fruit in the world, we gaze upon it with admiration, we point to it with pride, the hope of the oppressed. May time bring it to its true perfection.

The island is divided politically into two parts, the Dominican Republic, originally settled by the Spanish, occupies the eastern two-thirds; the Haytian Republic originally settled by the western one-third. Hayti, of course is well known and bears an unenviable reputation, a republic always in a state of revolution, but reports are greatly exaggerated and a high-spirited people like the Haytians are always very jealous of their rights. The Dominican Republic is seldom mentioned, and why? I verily believe it is on account of the really good government found, there, an aetual proof that the Negro is capable of self-government in its highest form.

If the World's Fair is held, the Dominican Republic will have an exhibit and President Hereaux will vist the Fair and tour the United States.

Ulise Hereaux is a remarkable man, born at Puerta Plata in 1846. By his own efforts he has risen step by step from the ranks of the army until he became Gen. Ulise Hereaux, the idol of his people, and finally President. He is described as a coal-black man with a good face, a fine soldierly bearing, dignified and imposing, well educated speaking in addition to his native Spanish, English, French and German fluently even elegantly. He looks after the welfare of his people personally and is constantly traveling to the boundries of the republic settling all trouble. He invites capitalists to settle, to build railroads and bridges, construct roads and introduce all modern improvements.

It has been my privilege to have access to private letters pertaining to the island, from the pen of Capt. Nathan Appleton who has been for some time and is now on the island. Capt. Appleton is one of Boston's bluest blue bloods and deservedly so, far he is a high-minded gentleman, vigorous in upholding right. He is a brother of the late Thomas G. Appleton well-known in literary circles, and brother-in-law of the lamented poet, Henry W. Longfellow.

The Afro-American knows where to find a man so closely related to the grand old Abolitionists.

Capt. Appleton says: "Since my residence in the Dominican Republic, all my race prejudices, if I ever had any, have been dissipated to the four winds. The constitution as it rests on paper is about as perfect a document as the wisdom and aspiration of mankind could ask for, and President Hereaux is doing his best to put it into practice."

This gentleman is connected with a railroad in process of construction there, he speaks enthusiastically of the country and its people, he is most anxious for its welfare, he says also that the race question all over the world is the question of the hour.

What a glorious thing it would be if a few Senators and Congressmen would be transported to the Dominican Republic for a year of so, the contact with its fair women, some of them very beautiful, and brave men, the contemplation of its grand scenery and its great natural advantages might dissipate to a great extent, "Negrophobia" which has its "grip" on some of our legislators.

Capt. Appleton ought to be in Congress. What a pity it is that gentlemen of his attainments can very seldom be be persuaded to accept public office. An essential of every canidate for public favor wherever the black man holds the balance of power ought to be: Equality before the law without regard to color, and ample protection in this right.

P. E. H.

Boston, Mass.

Doctors Never Take Their Own Medicine.

There is a small class of Negroes in this country, who are always ready to prescribe the medicine of emigration to Africa, as the way out of the present difficulties between the races in this country, but they are slow indeed in taking their own medicine. They say to others, go, but they themselves are daily riveting their grip on this country tighter and tighter.—New South.

The most expert checker player of Rochester, N. Y., is an Afro-American named Jackson.

THE RACE PROBLEM AGAIN.

Ex-Governor Chamberlain, of South Carolina, has Views—The Ingratitude of an ex-Carpet-bagger—The Afro-American League Discusses the Matter.

New Haven, Ct., Special to THE FREEMAM.

The following, taken from the Journal and Courier, a New Haven daily, are the views expressed by Hon. D. H. Chamberlin, ex-Governor of South Carolina in a recent lecture on "The Race Problem" before the Kent Club of this city. Says the Courier: "The lecture delivered by ex-Governor Chamberlin, of South Carolina, last evening before the Kent Club on "The Race Problem" was one of great interest from first to last. According to the speaker, the solution of this problem must now be effected through other means than political interference or the visionary schemes of mere philanthropists. In the South the white class ought to rule, though in cases they are in the minority. That is, the intelligent minority is necessarily superior to the ignorant majority. After a trial of eight years the colored man showed his inability to rule himself and his utter lack of experience. Concerning the rights of the Negro he said: If any State passes an action that infringes on the rights of a citizen of the United States, then the federal government may step in and correct, but individuals come under the State supervision then the central government has no jurisdiction. The Negro has now all the protection and rights that the federal government can give him. He possesses just the same as any other race, and more than that can't be given under the limitations of the constitution. He must cease to be the special favorite of the law and become a citizen of the country. He is no longer a ward of the nation, but an integral part and all laws in his behalf are out of date. The reason why we think the same protection not sufficient for the Negro as for the whites arises more from his race weakness rather than color prejudice. There is no race that has a greater lack of self-assertion and reliance, and it is on this account that continnal complaints arise. We have reached the point where we have given them all we can legally, and now the Negro must look out for himself. More or greater aid is impossible under the constitution and now he must fight his own battles for himself; and it is better to teach him self-reliance and a training in that great school of experience. There is no political way of dealing with this question now on the part of the federal government, as even Grant in the latter part of his presidency acknowledged, and it necessarily comes under the jurisdiction of the State. If in some localities the rights of the Negro are not respected, their redress must be sought in other ways than political nature but rather of the development of the race. It is to train them into self-assertion, reliance, respect, and a better morality. This ought to be discouraging when we consider that they began a free existence only twenty-five years ago, whereas our race has been in a position of supremacy for 800 years. This method of dealing with them would receive the approbation of the Southern whites, though they are out and opposed to the idea of Negro rule in the Negro's present condition. And for this purpose of education it may be said that they are now spending as much relatively as the north. The only practical solution to the problem is to educate the Negro from his ignorance and inexperience into a condition where he will not be the easy dupe of false guides. It will necessitate a long schooling, but one which, when all things are considered, ought not weary the patience or cause discouragement."

This speech seems plausible, but it contains much sophistry. It was taken up and discussed at the last meeting of the Afro-American League here. Various colors of opinion were given concerning it. The Rev. A. P. Miller and C. H. Dickerson differed most in their views of the speech. Mr. Miller argued that Chamberlin's sentiments were in the main just, that the Negro's lack of manhood was the greatest cause of his present condition, that they should retaliate, that they could expect nothing from the Republican party and the federal government. Mr. Dickerson responded that he would not reply directly to Mr. Miller's erroneous interpretation of the speech, that he needed only to give the audience a bit of Chamberlain's history as carpet bag governor of South Carolina which would explain, somewhat, the ex-Governor's moody indifference and scornful contempt of the Negro and the Republican party, since the memorable campaign of '76. He was legally elected governor by a handsome majority. Colored men deposited their ballots at the peril of their lives. They dared to demand and see a fair count. They risked their all for a free and open canvass. But the turbulent oligarchy declared that Chamberlain should not govern the State another term because of the miscarriages of his last administration. But black men guarded him when besieged in his dwelling at the Capital and when Hayes conceded the South to the rebels all hope was lost and yet those brave colored citizens gave their standard bearer a safe conduct out of the State. It was not their "race weakness" and "utter lack of experience" that caused their political disfranchisement. It was the deception practiced upon them by intelligent men, white men, for the most part who had no scruples about trust and duty when they got a chance to aggrandize themselves. Nothing has been too unkind for ex-Governor Chaimberlain to say about the Negro and Republican party because of his defeated ambition. The chagrin of the inglorious Parthian warfare which he was forced to emply, haunt his memory forever. Gratitude should restrain him from reproaching those who helped him most. The so-called race problem is a national problem, in which the Negro is a prime factor. When a million votes are suppressed on account of previous condition of servitude and portions of the constitution nullified the question can no longer elude the grasp of the federal government.

There was quite a novel egg-party given at the residence of Mr. Agnes, 34 Eaton street, on the 6th inst., by Mr. James Mitchell, Mr. and Mrs. Scroggins, Mrs. Frank Merriman, Mr. Elijah Hooper, Messrs. Williams and Scott and the Misses Mitchells were his guests.

TIS.

All notes intended for this column should be addressed to "Trage" 115 Meeting St. Providence, R. I. by Saturday of each week. Queries concerning the stage answered through this column.

Mr. and Mrs. Sam Lucas are at Grand Rapids Mich.

McCabe and Young's Minstrels are playing in Mississippi.

Lew Johnson's Minstrels are making money in California.

The De Wolfe Sisters are playing in Providenc this week.

Williams & Cassell's Minstrels are showing in New Orleans.

Ruscoe and Swift's Minstrels play to night at Atkinson, Neb.

The Miller Star Quartett are concerting in and around Philadelphia.

"The African Gorrilla" has been on exibition in Chicago the past week.

Miss Florence Williams has joined a concert company in the West Indias.

Miss Ednorah Nahar is rising as an elocutionist. She reads in New York on the 21st inst.

Both troups of Nashville Students, Thearles and Wright's are playing the Illinois circuit.

Madam Selika is in the west. She appears this week in Denver, supported by her husband, Mr. S. W. Williams.

Miss Cora Lee Watson, of Boston took part in the Prudence Crandall Memorial exercises at Chicago recently.

Madam Preston, Detroits' favorite elocutionist, is giving exhibitions in Chicago, assisted by Miss Stella Thornton.

Miss Lucy Moten, the soprano of Washington, has gone to Scotland where she will act as pianist for a jubilee troupe.

Jackson & Henry, the colored sketch team and comedians are at liberty but such artists as these can not remain idle long.

Miss Bessie Warwick, a promising Chicago singer, was the principal feature of a concert at Allen Chapel, Philadelphia, this week.

W. A. Davis is making a reputation as a tragedian. Will start next season, supported by a good company. He will be backed by a prominent New York manager.

Miss Hallie Q. Brown, the distinguished dramatic reader, is giving entertainments in South Carolina in the interest of a Girls' Dormitory for Allen University. Her tour has been flattering so far.

A new aspirant for theatrical fame is George Washington, of Palacho, Fla. He can whistle any melody, making perfect harmony of the first and second parts at the same time.

Trage paid a visit to Boston Mass. last week and while there met Mr. Hurle Bravado, who informed him that he was doing a good business giving readings at private residences.

The Philadelphia Hotel Brotherhood celebrated their fifth anniversary May 1st. A grand program, including the Miller Star Quartett, Wm. I. Powell, the humorist; R. H. Strange, tragedian; Miss Flora Pedro and others, will be given.

Mrs. Kendal, the English actress, is so very fond of children that she cannot bear to pass them on the street without stopping to pet them. She is especially interested in the Afro-American children as she never saw any before coming to America.

Blind Boone Concert Co., 26th. Burlington, Pa. Providence, R. I. Theater week of 31st Providence Opera House, Stetson's Opera Co. in "The Gondoliers". Keiths Gaiety Opera House, the popular play "Beacon Lights."

MISCELANEOUS

H. N. G.—Elmira N. Y.—Essay received and it was ably gotten up, but it is hardly suitable for us, We want the news.

F. R. S. of Leland, Miss.—Sends a short but printed treatise on the Race Problem.—We hope S. will write again and we would be pleased to have him get up a list of subscribers for THE FREEMAN.

W. B. C., Springfield O.—Your letter with drawings received. Your ideas are good but your drawings very poor. You should put yourself under a competent drawing master.

E. J. B., Shelbyville, Ind.—You send a very well written poem, "The burial of the Indian girl," but it is entirely too long for publication in a weekly newspaper. Long poems and essays are more preferable for magazine publishers. J. W. P., of Leonix Castle, N. C. Will also please notice.

W. M. S., Elliott, Ala. Jefferson Co., writes;—Mr. Editor, please allow me space in your precious columns to say that THE FREEMAN is the best paper that I ever saw for the money and it is the only paper for the colored race to patronize. It gives satisfaction and the best description of the race that I ever saw. (Mr. S. promises to get up a club of ten subscribers for THE FREEMAN.)

J. A. Hunt, St. Louis, Mo., writes—I received your card at the expiration of my subscription but failed to answer and expected the paper to be discontinued but you did not and I am glad of it. The more I learn of the colored race the more I desire to learn of them and the better I like THE FREEMAN. It is a grand paper. The greatest the Negro has yet produced. Send it and send your bill. (Mr. H. is a white man but seems willing to give credit where credit is due. He also knows a good thing when he sees it.—Ed.)

J. A. S., Malvern, Ark., writes;—As my subscription for six months will soon be up I write to inform you that I want the paper sent at least six more months dating from Apr. 5th. I am much pleased with what you are doing as a journalist. Among the five Negro papers I have had the pleasure of reading I like THE FREEMAN best and would be glad for the sake of the race if it could find its way into every home and hut in the south. We have so many men claiming to be local leaders who do not know we have Negro newspapers.

Mr. S. should show a copy of THE FREEMAN to a few of the "local leaders" and get them to subscribe. This kind of work will materially assist us in improving THE FREEMAN.

L. M., of Philadelphia, has views of how the race problem should be solved. He writes among other things as follows. "You may talk as much as you please about the Blair Bill, the Afro-American League, social and political equality but until we do something for ourselves and prove to the world that we are producers as well as consumers we will never get what we are howling for. I would suggest that some of the leading colored men, north, south, east and west, organize a big joint stock company and start a big factory or publishing house of some kind. We must come together. I am willing to head the list with two thousand dollars ($2,000) myself." The above views are good but impracticable. The Negro has not confidence enough in himself or race to succeed in joint stock companies. THE FREEMAN invites correspondence on this subject and would like to hear from L. M. again.

VIRGINIA'S LITERARY CENTRE.

Afro-Americans Pushing Ahead—Personals.

Lynchburg Va., Special to THE FREEMN.

There was a grand literary entertainment given at the Diamond Hill Baptist church the 9th of April. Hon. John M. Langston was on the program. This was one of the grandest celebrations that was ever given in Lynchburg.

In Amberst County, just across the river from Lynchburg, lives the swell head Paul Cabell who introduced the bill in the Virginia Legislature to turn the Petersburg College into an Insane Asylum. He was reminded of the fact that if he smashed one, two more would spring up in its place. One of those two is the Lynchburg Baptist Seminary. The outlook is that this will be the literary centre of Virginia. Prof. R. P. Amstead, the principle instructor is already doing fine work. The scholarship has grown exceedingly large. All correspondence should be addressed to the President, Rev. P. F. Morris.

The Lynchburg high school is doing the best normal work in the state.

Lynchburg's business men are doing well. Our people here, to a great extent patronize one another, but there is not as much of it as there should be. A number of young men opened a grocery store here under the firm name of Rucker & Co., and are doing remarkably well. The Merchant Bros. known all over the state as confectioners are also doing well. These are the means to which we have resorted to settle our part of the race problem.

J. A. C.

NEWSPAPER LAWS.

The following are laws laid down by the United States Government for the protection of newspapers:

Subscribers who do not give express notice to the contrary are considered as wishing to continue their scbscription.

If subscribers order the discontinuance of their periodicals, the publisher may continue to send them until all arrearages are paid.

If subscribers move to other places without informing the publishers, and the papers are sent to the former direction, they are held responsible.

The courts have decided that refusing to take periodicals from the office before removing and leaving them uncalled for is prima facie evidence of intentional fraud.

Any person who receives a newspaper and makes use of it whether he has ordered it or not, is held by law a subscriber.

If subscribers pay in advance, they are bound to give notice to the publisher at the end of their time, if they do not wish to continue taking it; otherwise the publisher is authorized to send it on and the subscriber will be responsible until an express notice, with payment of all arrears is sent to the publisher.

Publishers of newspapers can under the law, arrest any man for fraud who takes a paper and refuses to pay for it. Under this law it is a dangerous trick for a man to allow his subscription account to run on for six months to a year and a half, unpaid and then tell the postmaster to mark "refused" or to send the editor a notice to discontinue the paper.

CLARKSVILLE TENN.

The little town of Clarksville, Tenn., can justly boast of having a magnificent building owned by an Afro-American, The building is known as the Gorham House, and is owned by Mr. M. Gorham. The building is a four.story brick. The upper stories are used as lodge rooms, reception rooms and for entertainments of all kinds, while the ground floor is used as a livery stable and store rooms. One room is also used as a skating rink of which Mr. J. Thomas Cross is floor master.

He is all Right.

L. A. Simpson, business manager of THE FREEMAN, was in our city Tuesday and Wednesday, looking after the interests of his paper. THE FREEMAN is published in the interests of the colored people and is the brightest and most progressive paper of any periodical issued by members of that race. Mr. Cooper, its editor, will be remembered for his able speech made in our city during the last campaign, and Mr. Simpson is a man of fine talent and full of enterprise. He took a large number of new subscribers while in our city.—Franklin Democrat.

A Message.

How little the left hand knoweth
The deeds that are done by the right,
How little the night time showeth
His sorrowful shades to the light!
How few of the hearts that are broken
Betray to the breaker their grief;
How many harsh words that are spoken
Are the crushed soul's only relief!

Alas! for the childish gladness
We never may know again;
And alas, and alas, for the sadness
That broods like a spirit of pain!
Like some spirit of pain, that will hover
Still nearer when sunlight is fled,
Until youth, and youth's last changeful lover
Grow old, and grow cold as the dead!

It is strange that the hands that might lead us
To heaven, refuse us their hold;
That the dear lips that whisper "God speed us,"
Are the lips that are first to grow cold!
But love, we are nearer the dawning,
Just there is the heavenly light,
And how like the glorious morning
Knows the sorrowful shades of the night!

—Lola Marshall Dean in the Atlanta Constitution.

OLIVE'S STEP-MOTHER.

"She is the sweetest, dearest creature in the world!" said Olive Ogilvie, enthusiastically.

"Humph!" said Miss Jane Barrington. "People didn't use to talk so of step-mothers in my day."

"But then, you see," retorted Olive, with the air of one who effectually silences argument, "there never was exactly such a step-mother before."

"She's not ten years older than yourself," said Miss Jane Barrington.

"And that is the very reason that she sympathizes in all my interests and pursuits so heartily."

"She married your poor, dear pa for a home and to avoid the necessity of going out as a governess," uttered Miss Jane Barrington with acerbity.

"It is false!" cried Olive. "She married him because she loved him."

"Humph!" said Miss Jane Barrington. "You're bewitched, I see. You're under the glamour, if ever woman was. But you'll have a disagreeable awakening some day, Miss Ogilvie; see if you don't. Perhaps you haven't noticed ——"

"Noticed what?" exclaimed Olive with spirit, as the malicious spinster paused a second.

"Oh, never mind," said Miss Jane Barrington, fanning herself and rolling up her eyes. "I'm not one to make mischief. If you haven't perceived it ——"

"Perceived what?" demanded Miss Ogilvie, impatiently. "Oh, dear, how I do hate these mysterious hints and dark innuendoes! If you've got anything to say, Miss Barrington, do say it out and have done with it. If not, I'll go down to the river and see how the children are getting on with their stone grotto.

Thus driven to the wall, Miss Jane Barrington said her say, with a relish in the communication which can scarcely be decribed.

"As I remarked before," said Miss Barrington, "I am the last one to promulgate idle reports; but it is quite plain to all disinterested eyes that your young step-mother, the charming widow, whose deep weeds are so exceedingly becoming——"

"Do go on!" cried Olive, in agony of suspense.

"It is quite the gossip of the place," went on the backbiter, "that Mrs. Hayden Ogilvie is carrying on a lively flirtation with Albert Stanfield."

"With Albert Stanfield! Impossible!" cried Olive incredulously.

"Just what I should have said myself," said Miss Jane Barrington, piously, "if I had not been an eye-witness to all her goings-on with her poor, first husband not yet cold in his grave, and ——"

"Be silent!" cried Olive, springing to her feet so suddenly that Miss Jane Barrington started backward and tumbled with more precipitation than grace over a square ottoman. "How dare you utter such slanderous falsehoods? and to me, of all other persons in the world, who owe everything to her loving care, her more than maternal kindness! I despise myself for standing here to listen to it!"

And she swept away with the royal face of a princess, her cheeks dyed carmine and her eyes glittering like wrathful stars.

Straight as an arrow she went to the suite of apartments occupied jointly by herself and her young step-mother at the Crown hotel, a summer resort of some celebrity among the mountains that wall in the blue waters of a Cumberland lake.

The door was open, the soft August breeze blew the muslin window draperies to and fro, and a piece of embroidery lay on the table with the needle yet sticking in its folds and the thimble beside it. All the tokens of a recent presence were there, but the room was empty.

"She has taken her book down to the little woodland spring," said Olive to herself; and she ran down the cool, secluded path, where intermingled sunshine and shadow made a moving checker-work at her feet, calling, "Mamma! where are you mamma?" as she went.

But no answer came. The woodland spring bubbled out in cool drops over the ferns that shadowed its pool, the birds sang overhead, and that was all.

"Oh, dear!" said Olive to herself," "where can she be?"

She wandered along farther down the glen, swinging her hat by its strings as she walked, her footsteps falling noiselessly on the velvet turf, until suddly she paused, stricken to the heart as if a barbed arrow had pierced her quivering flesh.

For, hidden away by the leafy covert of tremulous birches and white pines, upon the moss-covered trunk of a fallen tree sat Mrs. Ogilvie, in her deep mourning robes, her face turned wistfully upward, while in an attitude of the intensest devotion Albert Stanfield leaned over her.

Olive Ogilvie did not mean to listen; she was an honorable girl, with a keen sense of delicacy; but all volition seemed gone from her at the moment. She leaned, pale and trembling, up against a tree, and could not but hear the words spoken within a stone's throw of her.

"Believe me, Albert, I appreciate the treasure of your love," said Mrs. Ogilvie, softly; "but I do not know whether I am justified in accepting what you offer."

"Dear Mrs. Ogilvie——"

"No—stop!" said the widow, resolutely motioning him away as he would have drawn nearer to her. "Are you not premature? Have you reflected how very, very brief a period of time has elapsed since Mr. Ogilvie was laid in his grave?"

"I have forgotten nothing," the ardent lover made reply. "Nor do I deem it any disrespect to the dead in that I would fain extend the tenderness and protection of my love over the one who was dearest to him in life. Say that you will grant my prayer. Give me but one word of encouragement and I shall be happy."

"I must have time for reflection," Mrs. Ogilvie answered, hesitatingly.

"Time! time!" Stanfied impatiently retorted. "You have had time enough already, surely."

"But this is a matter of such vital importance. Albert, you must rest contented if I promise you your answar tomorrow."

"You will not forget the truth and sincerity of my love—the deep loyalty of my heart?"

"I will remember it all, Albert; only let us return to the hotel now. Olive will miss us and it grows toward sunset."

So they passed on, and Olive, waiting in a sort of dull, dead passiveness for them to disappear through the green wilderness of the leafy dell, took her languid way back to the hotel.

"And I believed that he loved me!" she kept repeating over and over to herself. "I allowed myself to be duped by the tender tones of his voice, the dark light of his eyes! Oh, what a fool—a fool I have been! Yet if it had been any other hand than hers to dash the bright cup from my lips! Oh, mamma! mamma! And I loved and trusted you so entirely?"

Poor Olive! It was like a new phase of life's bitterness and treachery to this petted darling to find out that there were other hopes, and joys, and interests in the world clashing sharply against her own.

She sat down and looked helplessly around. Here was the bright tracery of filoselle embroidery that she had commenced but a few short hours ago; it did not seem to her as if she could ever touch it again. There was the unfinished novel; she did not care a penny now whether the hero and heroine got married or not.

"I'll go and live with Aunt Sarah," said Olive to herself. "It will be a monotonous life, but—but it's all that's left me now. I don't care for much variety or brightness."

"Olive, darling, where are you?"

It was Mrs. Ogilvie's voice, Mrs. Ogilvie's footsteps, and, although Olive would have fled from her presence, it was too late to do so now. The young step-mother came up to her and seated herself at the girl's side.

"I have something to tell you, Olive."

Olive shrank away from the arch, questioning gaze of her step-mother's eyes.

"I know what it is," said she faintly. "You are going to be married."

"I? My dear child, what could possibly put such an idea into your head? You are the one who is to be married, if you can bring yourself to say 'yes' to the suit of Albert Staufield."

"Mamma!"

"He has been urging me for permission to address you this long time, but I have scarcely dared to consent, knowing how recent a date has elapsed since the death of your dear father. But perhaps I have no right longer to object. He loves you tenderly and truly. He would lay down his life for you, and I believe him to be worthy even of my Olive. Shall I tell him you will listen favorably to his suit?"

Like a burst of renewed sunshine after the blackness of a thunder-shower Olive's face grew brilliant, and throwing her arms around her step-mother's neck she sobbed out: "Mamma! mamma! I have been so wicked in my heart! O mamma! can you ever forgive me?"

And then she told her story.

"Go to Albert,, my dear," said her step-mother, smiling. "He will convince you presently that all is right with your heart and his."

This was the end of Olive Ogilvie's tribulations. And she still firmly persists in her belief that she has the best step-mother in the world. And Miss Jane Barrington is rather disappointed than otherwise.—*N. Y. Evening World.*

Just Thought He'd Ask.

Senator Vance of North Carolina lost his hat the other day, says the N. Y. *Tribune's* Washington correspondent. He came out of the senate cloakroom bare-headed, with his overcoat on his arm, and paraded the corridors, asking every one he met if he had seen a tall hat straying abont anywhere. He was asking the question of Capt. May, the doorkeeper at the lobby door, when the page came up with the missing article in his hand. Senator Vance was just saying:

"Of course I don't think you have seen it, you know, but I was 'just asking,' like the man who came into my office once when I was governor of North Carolina. He was a trampish-looking man, and his clothing was worn and seedy. He looked carefully around the room and then said:

"'Governor, you an't seen nothin' of a pair of boots around here, have you? I left 'em in in that corner last night, and they an't there this morning.'

"I answered that I had not seen the boots.

"'I knew some d—d thief had stolen them,' said the unknown. 'Of course I knowed it wasn't you, but I just thought I'd ask.'"

Bells on Sheep.

A Michigan farmer claims to have saved his large flock of sheep from the dogs by putting a bell on each one. When the sheep get frightened and run the bells play a grand march and the dogs scamper off.

A New York society lady is said to have attended a dance there recently, left the next morning to attend two balls on successive evenings in Boston, and would leave immediately to attend a ball in Philadelphia the next night. Four balls in three cities in the course of four days would seem to be the height of fashionable folly.

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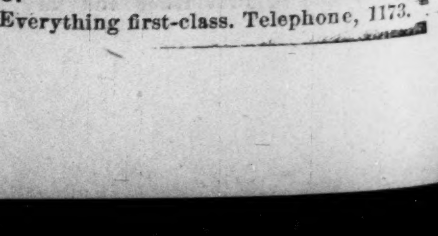


WIT AND HUMOR.

Love is a species of intoxication that swells the heart instead of the head.—*Boston Courier.*

A saloon is like a harbor—most of the wrecks are to be found outside the bar.—*Terre Haute Express.*

Resolutions are like messenger boys. They are the easiest thing imaginable to pass.—*Boston Transcript.*

Contributor—"How much ought I to get for that poem?" Editor—"You ought to get about fifteen years."—*Puck.*

"When I drink much I can't work, and so I let it alone." "The drinking?" "No, the working."—*Fliegende Blaetter.*

Mrs. Fangle—"This Russian influenza is very contagious, is it not?" Fangle—"Yes, even a detective could catch it."—*Life.*

The lawyers in the case are like a pair of shears. They never cut themselves, but what is between.—*Lawrence American.*

Brown—"Does your wife keep her temper very well?" Jones—"Um—er—some; but I get the most of it."—*Boston Gazette.*

The reason why it hurts to have a tooth pulled is supposed to be that you can't bite your lips at the time.—*Fliegende Blaetter.*

When we see a young father wheeling his first baby in the street we obtain a realizing sense of the joys of a carriage and pere.—*Puck.*

Irate Housewife—"You're always breaking something." Servant—"Sure but I ain't tried it on your record for fault finding."—*Rome Sentinel.*

Bronson—"See here, Cadley, did you tell Smithers I was the meanest white man that ever lived?" Cadley—"No, I didn't draw the color line."—*N. Y. Sun.*

The poet says that "'Tis love which makes the world go round." It also makes the young man "go around" quite frequently Sunday nights.—*Toledo Commercial.*

"What is your idea of a gentleman, Yellowly?" "A true gentleman always laughs at the joke of a story and never says that he heard it before."—*Boston Courier.*

He—"What did your father say when you told him that we were engaged?" She—"Oh, Augustus, you must not ask me to repeat such language!"—*Boston Budget.*

A clever man has invented a system of reading music for the blind. How delightful! Now they can feel the eloquence of Wagner's music without having to hear it.—*Life.*

Wickwire—"What is the reason Mudge does not speak to you any more? Have you offended him in any way?" Yabsley—"Yes. I claimed that he had nothing but a common cold."—*Terre Haute Express.*

Jones—"I never saw anything go like the sugar in this house. Four pounds in six weeks! It's awful! How do you account for it?" Mrs. Jones—"I don't know unless the grocer puts quicksand in it."—*Binghamton Leader.*

Severe Adorer (about to enter the ministry)—"I trust you find a great deal of comfort in thinking of Scripture verses." Interesting Invalid—"Yes, indeed! That text, 'Grin and bear it,' does me a heap of good."—*Life.*

"By thunder, old fellow, what has happened to you that you smile so all the time? What is it so good?" "O, nothing at all, but you see one never knows nowadays but somebody may be photographing him."—*Fliegende Blaetter.*

"I observe with regret, George," said George's father, "that you are still at the foot of your class. Is there no prospect of your doing better?" "O, yes, father; I expect to be second or third in the next class below next term."—*N. Y. Sun.*

"You know what a fashion Miss Gnawledge has of quoting proverbs at all times?" "Yes." "Well, last night as I remarked about midnight that I must go, she looked at the clock and murmured, 'Better late than never.'"—*N. Y. Herald.*

Primus—"How did Fergus do at the speaking?" Secundus—"Well, sir, when Fergus' time came there was round after round of applause." Primus—"Good! I must congratulate him on his success." Secundus—"And when he finished you could have heard a pin drop."—*Harper's Bazar.*

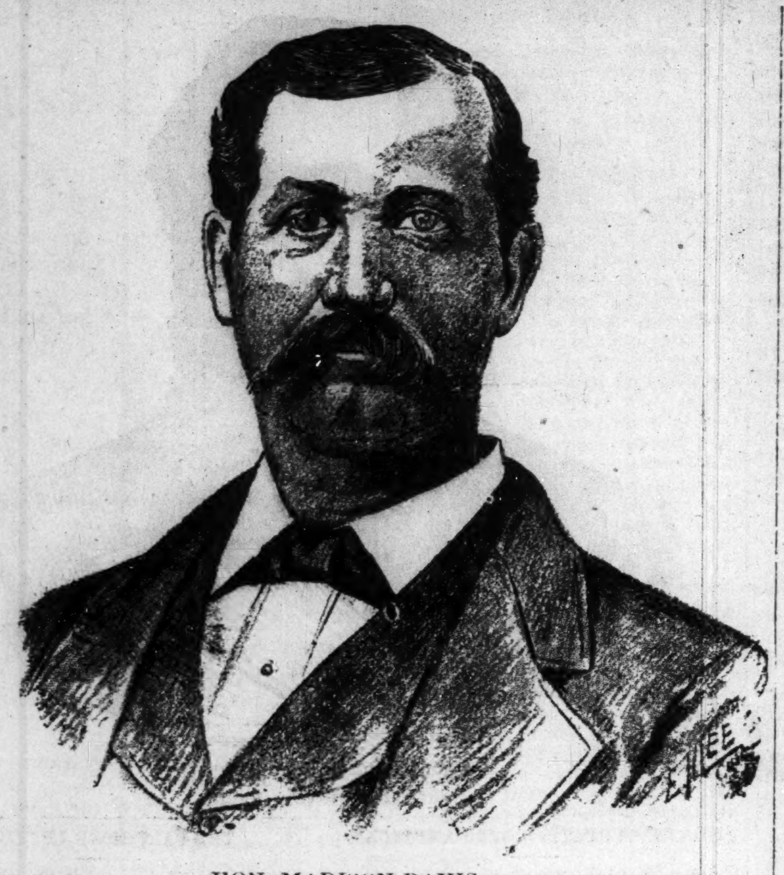
Young Wife (who has just caught sight of her husband's face in the mirror)—"Why, dear, what's the matter?" Husband (savagely)—"I can't get the combination of this blanked four-in-hand tie." Wife (sweetly)—"Well, be careful not to look 'round this way, dear; I'm feeding the baby its milk."

After the railroad accident. Husband (extricating himself from the wreck)—"Emily, thank God you are safe! Heavens! isn't this awful?" Wife—"Dreadful! Hear the poor people groan! Dearest?" Husband—"What is it, love?" Wife—"Is my hat on straight?"—*Burlington Free Press.*

Smith—"That was a very interesting lecture of yours on the Catacombs. Did you write it while you were in Rome, or after you returned home? Spouter—"O, no, I wrote it before I went. Wanted to get it off my mind, you know, so that when I got abroad I'd have nothing to do but enjoy myself."—*Boston Transcript.*

Mr. Penn—"It amuses me to see you dressing to go around the corner. One would think you were going to a wedding." Mrs. Penn—"I didn't spend much time dressing when I went to your wedding." Mr. Penn—"No, you weren't taking any chances. You knew that delays were dangerous."—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

Mrs. Grubb's Cook—"Law, but the missus do hate to have a boarder come from your house to ours." Mrs. Hashcroft's Cook—"I 'spects they do grumble a good deal. I'ts so different to what they have been used to." Mrs. Grubb's Cook—"Bless your soul, that isn't it. What she kicks on is their bein' so awful hungry."—*Terre Haute Express.*



HON. MADISON DAVIS.
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A BOY MILLIONAIRE.

Little Marshall Roberts, 10 Years Old, the Possessor of a Fortune of $5,000,000.

Little Marshall Roberts, son of the late Marshall O. Roberts, is the youngest millionaire in New York City. There are hundreds of children in New York who will probably some day inherit one or more millions, but little Marshall Roberts already inherits his vast fortune, and in eleven years it will be entirely in his control.

His father was one of the great merchants of his day, and when he died some four years ago he left an estate valued at $10,000,000. The little boy did not have this entire fortune bequeathed him, because there were other claimants with equal rights to it.

When Mr. Roberts died he was an old man. His widow, one of the beautiful young society women of our metropolis, and the mother of little Marshall, was his second wife. His first wife was thirty years her senior, and had a daughter who is now Mrs. Ames Van Wart. Mrs. Van Wart has a daughter, Miss Evelyn Van Wart, who is 20 years old. This makes young Mrs. Roberts, who is now but 30, stepmother to a lady of 40, and stepgrandmother to a young lady of 20, and the little millionaire of 10 uncle to a maiden twice his age.

When Mr. Roberts died he left a will dividing his money between his wife, his granddaughter and his little son.

The son has half of the fortune for his own use, but until he comes of age his mother is to have the income from the $5,000,000.

Little Marshall Roberts will some day be one of the greatest catches in the matrimonial market, and he bids fair to be a handsome and clever young man. He is a nice, healthy-looking lad, tall for his age, well formed, and with a round face full of intelligence. He has great, soft, brown eyes like his mother's, and a dimple in a rather decided-looking chin.

He has been across the ocean almost every year of his life, has lived for months in London and Paris, speaks German and French as well as English, and is being educated for a man of the world.

His greatest ambition at present is to be an athlete. He has a bicycle on which he rides up and down Fifth avenue; he plays tennis, bowls and rides. Two horses are at his command, and almost every fine morning he may be seen mounted on one of them, and attended by his own special groom, "a young Irishman who once rode in a circus," as the young millionaire is fond of explaining to his friends.

He has a tutor who lives in the house and looks after his mental training. He is being educated after the English fashion and learns his Latin and Greek with his English primer.

Mrs. Roberts is proud of her bright, handsome boy, and takes every pains to make him a healthy, educated gentleman. He eats plain food, sleeps on a hard mattress, is taught to know the value of money and in every way is trained with the same rigor as a royal prince.

His fortune is, most of it, invested in real estate and Government bonds, and four or five well-known men are his guardians. His income, when he comes into his fortune, will be $200,000 a year, which is almost $550 a day, or $22 for every hour he lives.

SUPERFICIAL SURVEY.

It was discovered at a banquet in New York city, which William Lloyd Garrison attended that none of the negro waiters had heard the name before.

The Boston Transcript says: "Silence is golden: but it is the other man's silence that is meant." That is true. Carlyle was always preaching silence, and yet he was forever screeching at the top of his voice.

Richard Stahl has had considerable matrimonial experience. He has been married three times, divorced twice, sued for alimony once. He is going to market his experience, and is composing a "wedding march."

Ralph Disraeli, a brother of Lord Beaconsfield, has retired, at the age of eighty, after fifty years of public service, from the office of deputy clerk of the parliaments, to which he was appointed by Lord Beaconsfield.

It has been asserted that chewing wooden toothpicks sometimes produces small ulcers in the mouth, and that even the stomach has been similarly affected by the action of the small particles of wood detached by chewing.

The discovery of uranium at the Union Mines, Cornwall, was announced several months ago. This is believed to be the only known lode of that metal in the world, as it has previously been found only in pockets and patches.

BEAUTIFUL YPSILANTI, MICH.

What the Afro-American is Doing.

Ypsilanti, Mich., Special to THE FREEMAN.

Ypsilanti is a charming little village standing on the banks of the Mt. Huron River. In the summer it is a pleasing as it is a great universal place of resort and people come from all over the country to take baths. There is also a large sanitarium. We have the State Normal and a $25,000 business college. There are about five to six hundred colored people in this place. We have two good churches—the A. M. E. and the Second Baptist. We have one separate school and there are three societies—the Masonic, Benevolent and good Samaritan—the last two named own their hall. We have just got a new minister at the A. M. E. Church, the Rev. W. L. Brown from Washington, D. C. He is a well read man. Each church has a good Sunday School and they are in a prosperous condition and we have a league of about ten members. We expect to try to elect a colored alderman in the first ward. We have two first-class builders and contractors. All we need now is a first class brick mason. M. L. G.

"The Illustrated American" in its last issue continues its attractive feature, American race-horses, and gives its readers a very fine picture of the race-horse Kingston; also devotes a page to life in the Auburn State Prison, the article and sketches accompanying it being the work of convicts.

The illustrated Freeman, of Indianapolis, is becoming a wonderful journal. Its cuts and caricatures are trim and appropriate, while its abundance of pithy correspondence and original matter are alone sufficient to keep it in the front ranks of special journalism.—Afro-American, (Denver Col.)

Lives Alone in a Hut at 119.

Richard Hoops of Osage City, this county, is beyond question the eldest person in the State of Missouri. He is a negro, and lives alone in a small hut on the banks of the Osage River, just below the Missouri Pacific railroad bridge. He is 119 years of age, and in appearance somewhat resembles a mummy, his skin being parchment-like, but he is full of life and energy and is in full possession of all his faculties. In the summer and fall he finds work as a farmhand, and what he earns in this way is eked out by the aid of his skill with rod and gun to a respectable living. During the last fall he contracted with a farmer to grub out the stumps in a large field and faithfully carried out his obligation, performing all the labor himself. "Uncle Richard" has a good memory and can recall incidents that happened in his boyhood, just after the Revolutionary War. He remembers having seen on one occasion Gens. Greene and Wayne and other heroes of the War of Indepence, whose names he can not recall now. He was born in Chatham County, South Carolina, and his master's name was William Hayden. He came to Missouri in 1843, and for the last twenty-five years has been living about Osage City. As stated, he lives all alone in his hut, and, so far as he knows himself, has no relatives living. He is very economical in his methods of living, and the head of a large catfish furnishes him with material enough to supply him with soup for over a week. The old fellow is quite an interesting talker and is fond of recounting the events of the early part of the century.—*Jefferson City (Mo.) Tribune.*

Bernh a Clairvoyant.

Mme. Sarah Bernhardt is a firm believer in the supernatural. She has related that when at New York, on her first American trip, she woke up one night after a terrible dream, in which she had seen her son Maurice bitten by two mad dogs. The vision made such an impression on her mind that early next morning she telegraphed to Maurice, and received the reply that he had been bitten by two dogs, that the wounds in his arm were not serious. Moreover, the dogs were not rabid, but had been immediately killed. Mme. Bernhardt could, she affirms, mention numerous other circumstances in her life which it would be impossible to put down to mere chance or coincidence

Richard von Volkmann, the famous surgeon, who died some time ago in Cologne, wrote between his surgical duties in the Franco-German war the "Reveries at French Firesides," which, though intended for his children only, have gone through fourteen editions and become the common property of the German nation.

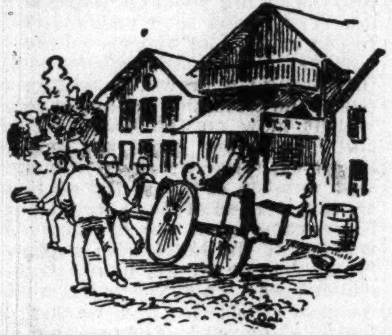
A SOBERING MACHINE.

Bucks County, Pa., Has a Scheme for Reforming the Jolly Good Fellows.

The winter crop of tramps in Bucks and Montgomery Counties is so abundant this year that ordinary measures for driving them out have proved futile, and the county authorities are studying how best they may dispose of the troublesome vagrants. On account of the extremely mild winter the tramps who usually seek a warmer clime in the cold months are hovering about the comfortable barns and haystacks in Bucks and Montgomery Counties, and are lodging also in the railroad stations and conveniently open freight-cars. The sober vagrants are troublesome enough, but the hundreds of intoxicated tramps are even worse to deal with, and they not only defy the orders to "move on," but also threaten violence to country folks whose farms they invade.

An old-time Bucks County farmer has suggested that a revival of the sobering machine that did effective work in Doylestown thirty or forty years ago might have a wholesome influence on the hordes of tramps and make them shun Bucks County as they would flee in terror from soap and water. Not many of the present generation in Doylestown are familiar with the sobering machine, but men who lived there in the '50s and early '60s readily remember the unique apparatus, and probably there is more than one man in Doylestown to-day who would hesitate to tell how well he recalls the old sobering machine.

The famous mechanism was nothing more nor less than the shafts and front wheels of a light wagon gear, with a big wooden box fastened firmly upon the axle, making a rough kind of a cart. The machine was kept in a convenient dark alley, and whenever one of Doylestown's good citizens came home so filled with ardent spirits that he could not handle himself the machine was run out from its hiding place, the tipsy man was seized and dumped upon his back in the box, and with three or four burghers at the shafts he was given a ride over the rough streets that was enough to shake every drop of liquor out of him and make him a soberer and wiser man.



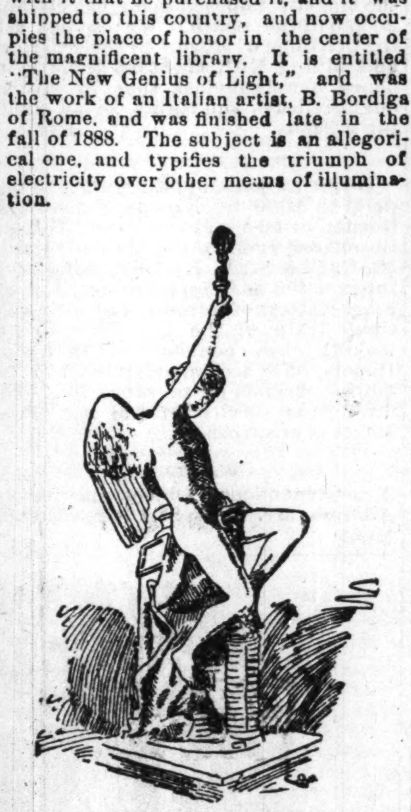
A BUCKS COUNTY SOBERING MACHINE.

This heroic treatment was oftenest applied to intoxicated strangers, but the moral influence of the machine was all-powerful in preserving the sobriety of the townspeople. The circumstances now are such that many Bucks and Montgomery County men believe it would be well to revive this old-time moral institution.—*Philadelphia Record.*

THE NEW GENIUS OF LICHT.

A Description of the New Statue Set Up in Edison's Laboratory.

Among the many objects of interest to the visitor at the great laboratory of Thomas A. Edison, in West Orange, N. J., the first to attract attention is the remarkable statue that has recently been placed in position in the library. The statue attracted Mr. Edison's attention at the Paris Exposition, where it occupied the place of honor in the Italian Department. He was so much pleased with it that he purchased it, and it was shipped to this country, and now occupies the place of honor in the center of the magnificent library. It is entitled "The New Genius of Light," and was the work of an Italian artist, B. Bordiga of Rome, and was finished late in the fall of 1888. The subject is an allegorical one, and typifies the triumph of electricity over other means of illumination.



NEW GENIUS OF LIGHT.

It is the life-size figure of a graceful youth in the full vigor of early manhood, posed in a half recumbent position and partially supported by half extended wings, on the ruins of a broken gas lamp. The right arm is extended high above the head and holds aloft an incandescent lamp of fifty-candle power, the connecting circuits from which extend downward, and, partially supported by the left hand, continue to the base of the statue, where they are joined to a voltaic pile. About the base of the statue are grouped a telephone transmitter, a telegraph key, and a gear wheel. The whole is mounted on a pedestal three feet high. The modeling of the central figure is singularly strong and firm, and the finish is almost perfect—*N. Y. Herald.*

Tin Soldiers.

Blackwood's Magazine tells of a factory which makes 5,000,000 tin soldiers yearly out of sardine cans.

Samuel J. Randall, since the death of Judge Kelly, is the oldest member of the House in continuous service. He was elected to the Congress next succeeding that in which Judge Kelley made his debut, in 1862. Following close upon Mr. Randall is Mr. O'Neill of the Second (Pennsylvania) District.

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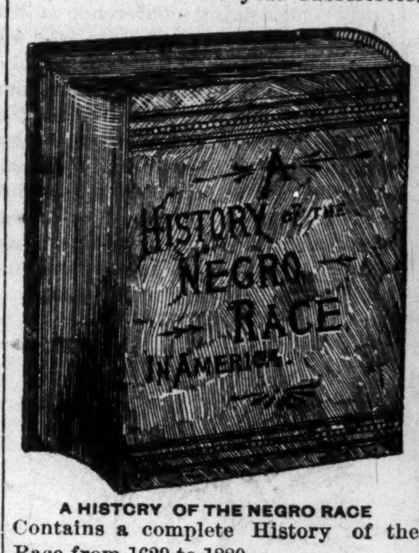
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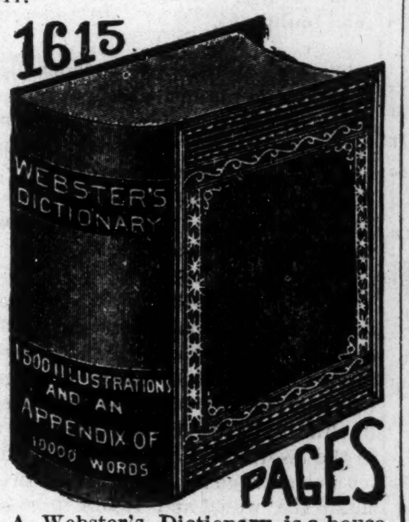
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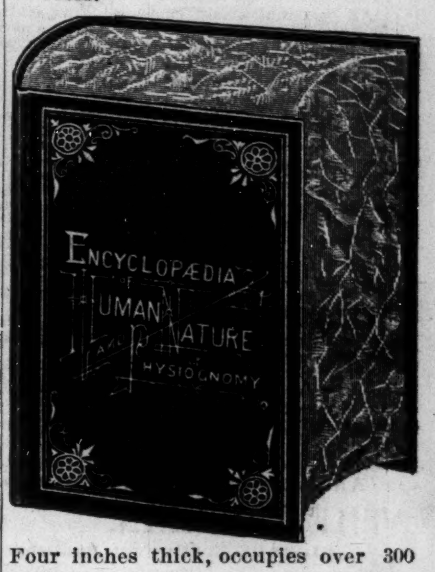
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—o—

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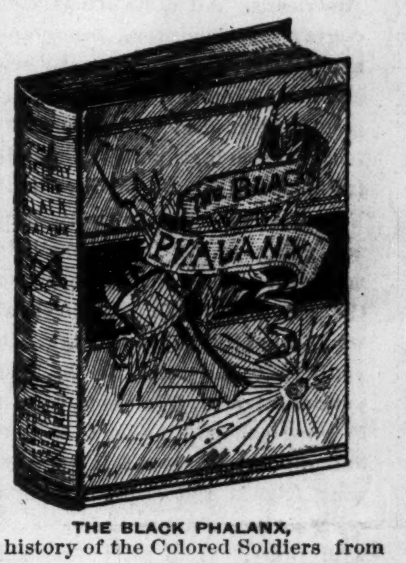

THE BLACK PHALANX,
A history of the Colored Soldiers from the Colonial period to the late Rebellion inclusive.

—o—

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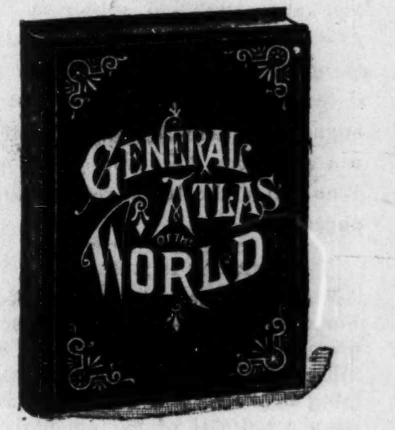
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Persons wishing any of the above named books can have one sent to his or her address, post paid, by getting three friends or acquaintances to subscribe for THE FREEMAN for one year each. REMEMBER THAT THE CASH, $7.20, MUST ACCOMPANY EVERY ORDER. Send for our Extraordinary inducements to Agents and Club Rates.

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EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR,
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NO MORE COMPLAINTS
About Bad Coffees.
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A. & P. CONDENSED MILK,
If You Want a Cup of Delicious Coffee.

The Great Atlantic Pacific Tea Company has been experimenting for years to procure a milk that would be **Absolutely Pure, Perfectly Healthy and Economical**, at the same time, when mixed with our particular blends of coffees, would **produce a Perfect and Delicious Coffee.** We feel the utmost confidence that we procured that result in the production of **A & P Condensed Milk.** It is economical, makes a cup of Rich, Delicious Coffee, **Absolutely Pure,** being made in **Porcelain Pans**—no copper pans.

Physicians and consumers please take notice that our A & P Condensed Milk is made in **Porcelain Vacuum Pans.** We are the only manufacturers in the world that use Porcelain Pans. All others use **Copper Pans.** It is unnecessary for us to make a comparison between **Porcelain and Copper Pans.** We leave that matter with the public:

This milk is manufactured with one Special Object in view, that is, when used with our special blends of coffees, it will make a **Rich Delicious Coffee.** It is a perfect luxury for the table. Great saving in sugar. No table complete without it.

We ask only a trial. Let it be judged by its merits, and we will be satisfied with the verdict. Use for tea as well as coffee. Keep in a cool place. If you want a **Perfect Coffee** or **Tea,** use **A & P Condensed Milk.**

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INVARIABLY *** IN *** ADVANCE.

All communications, enclosing news matter for publication, must be sent with the name of the writer, not for publication but as a guarantee of good faith.

TO CONTRIBUTORS.

We prefer not to return manuscript where the articles are short, and copies easily taken—such as poems, anecdotes, brief sketches; and in no case will we undertake to return Manuscripts unless stamps for that purpose accompany the article. We will not pay for matter unless it is ordered. All matter for publication must reach the office by Tuesday of each week, to insure insertion in the current issue.

AGENTS.

Agents are wanted in every town and city not now occupied, and liberal inducements will be given to the same. Send for our extraordinary inducements to agents.

Subscribers are requested to remit by Post Office, Money Order, Postal Note or Registered Letter.

L. A. SIMPSON, State Agent.

Entered at the Post-Office as Second-Class Matter.

All Matter Should be Addressed to
THE FREEMAN,
EDWARD E. COOPER, Publisher,
INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA.

To Our Readers.

Do you like THE FREEMAN? If you do, then we want you to help it. It is an expensive newspaper; in fact, the most expensive ever published by Afro-Americans. All of its artists, etchers, engravers, compositors, stenographers, agents and contributors are colored and it takes money to pay them. It costs a great deal to get out the cartoons, engravings, portraits and illustrations which we produce in THE FREEMAN from week to week. But we are going to do it and shall aim to make every issue an improvement on the last one. We want to show the world what the Negro is doing. Don't you want to assist us? If so, lend us your assistance. We want you to send in your subscription—not only that, but we want you to call on a few of your friends and acquaintances and get their subscriptions and send along with yours. Help us. We want to make THE FREEMAN the equal of the best white illustrated journals, and you can materially assist us in doing this. Do not delay in this matter but think of a few of your friends whom you know ought to subscribe for a first-class colored paper and call on them now. We want 5000 new subscribers by the first of May and you ought to get a few for us. Do what you can and let us hear from you at once. Who will be the first to respond to this appeal?

"TRUTH IS MIGHTY."

From his majestic height, Editor Fortune, the self-styled leader of Negro quill-drivers, looks down in magnificent disdain and sarcastic patronizing air. Every little man standing upon a pedestal of monumental egotism and unflinching gall can look down upon a gnat. He can "stand upon his own legs," but the foundation is one of sand. It is here to-day—it may be gone to-morrow, so evanescent is its character. Truth often cuts deep. Even Editor Fortune is aware of that and winces. Editor Fortune would rather not hear the truth at times—oftentimes. Women do not like truth—in the form of a photograph. Where it doesn't flatter, they say it is a poor likeness. It isn't the photograph's fault that its subject is not more beautiful. Even a "Woman's-rights" journalists knows that—at intervals of vanity when she isn't posing as a man. It is a queer physical phenomenon that a blow dealt in New York finds an echo in Tennessee. Vanity is a mighty pedestal. Are both standing upon it, afraid of the noon-day glare of truth? If not, why this bond of sympathy?

THE ISSUE MUST BE FACED.

The defeat of the Blair bill is still the subject of much lamentation on the part of the colored people throughout the country. The failure of this bill is to be regretted, but it is not an irreparable calamity. That it had its faults, its most ardent friends—ourselves included—will not deny. Upon the ground that its tendency was in the right direction, we feared its passage, believing that its plans could best be remedied when experienc revealed their existence. The objections were not of sufficient weight to justify its defeat until a satisfactory substitute was offered, and in their action the Senate shows a disregard for the crying evil of illiteracy that is almost universal.

A system by which the government shall insist upon the education of her illiterate classes is the only sensible solution of the vexed social problem, involving the race question and the labor and capital conflict. It is not only the Negro that must be educated, as some seem to think. The white people must learn more clearly the obligations which citizenship imposes, and understand their relationship with their fellowman. The defeat of the Blair bill will arouse thinking men to the necessities of the hour and current results teaches them daily the danger of delay. Either another bill must be drafted, or broad-minded and Christian hearted men in the States where illiteracy is now prevalent must put their heads together and devise a plan of action. The coming conference at Mohawk, N. Y., is expected to take advanced ground upon the subject and it is hoped good will result therefrom. The question of education for the Negro and poor white is postponed, but not decided by the failure of the Blair bill. The issue must be found candidly and squarely. It ought to be met while it can be done coolly and impartially. He who reads as he runs is not blind to the tendency of the times.

SCINTILLATIONS

William Sherman, the janitor of the Salem postoffice, was arrested last week for robbing the United States mails. This is not "another good man gone wrong"—simply "another bad man found out."

⁂

The New South says President Cleveland during his entire term did not appoint to office a single colored man from the South. Has our esteemed contemporary never heard of Rev. J. C. Price, who was named for the Liberian Mission, or E. E. Smith who now holds the place?

⁂

"Gabe," of the Florida Sentinel ventures the assertion that Savannah's colored people are the finest dressed, finest looking, best teeth, best hair, best figured and best behaved people in church in the United States if not in the world. If anyone doubts this, let a committee be appointed to investigate the world and report next centennial," says he. "Gabe" stands appointed, and is ordered to report per agreement.

⁂

Scene—Municipal election in Chicago. Citizen (to important-looking federal employe)—Say, can you tell me just what is to be decided in this contest?"

Federal Employe—"No sir!" I don't know anything about the issues. I am working under civil service regulations."

⁂

Clubs, having for their object mental and moral elevation, are an important element in a city's social life. They quicken fraternal instinct, promote mutual understanding, and increase the spirit of co-operation. For these reasons we regret to see such commendable organizations as the "Pelican" and "Pickwick" Clubs of Louisville going to pieces.

⁂

The National Committee of Negro educators called for June 4 at Mohawk, New York, is in touch with the times. It will endeavor to suggest a solution for the vexatious problem of Negro education, and in such labors they have the hearty sympathy of all true American patriots, regardless of race or party lines. Such men as B. T. Washington, Bishop Tanner, B. T. Mitchell, W. Cromwell, Chas. L. Reason, Peter H. Clark and others will take active part in the proceedings. This fact insures a representative character for the conference.

⁂

Pierre Barquet, in the New York Age, severely denounces the "Lard Compound Bill" now before Congress, and says it will work hardship to the cotton-seed oil-producers of the South. A large percentage of them are colored. This oil forms 25 per cent of the lard compound, and the effect of the proposed measure will be to reduce the price of the cotton-seed, and thus fatally cripple an industry in which fully 50,000 Southern Negroes are engaged.

⁂

The leading feature of the New York State League Convention will be a seven-course banquet. Doesn't it strike the average wayfarer that elaborate stuffings and oratorical pyrotechnics are a little out of order at a gathering presumably in the interest of a needy and poverty-stricken race? If the New Yorkers have an eye to the eternal fitness of things they will abandon their feasting and confine themselves strictly to business. When that is done, like sensible men, they should go home and go to work.

⁂

A movement is on foot in Brooklyn, N. Y., to abolish separate colored schools. The demand the country over is for mixed schools. We believe that separate schools should exist only in such communities where a mixture is absolutely impossible, but at the same time insist that competent colored teachers should be given an equal chance with white teachers of similar qualifications.

⁂

Bishop Turner calls the Supreme Court of the United States "an organized mob against the Negro." The Bishop cites decisions to prove that the principle enunciated by Judge Taney, "that the Negro has no rights which the white men should respect," still obtains with that august body. The Bishop may be blunt and unpolished in his characterization, but Judges Harlan and Bradley excepted, his opinion bears great semblance to truth.

TYRANY IN THE SOUTH.

An Infamous Outrage on Afro-Americans at Defunica Springs, Florida.

Milton, Fla., Special to THE FREEMAN.

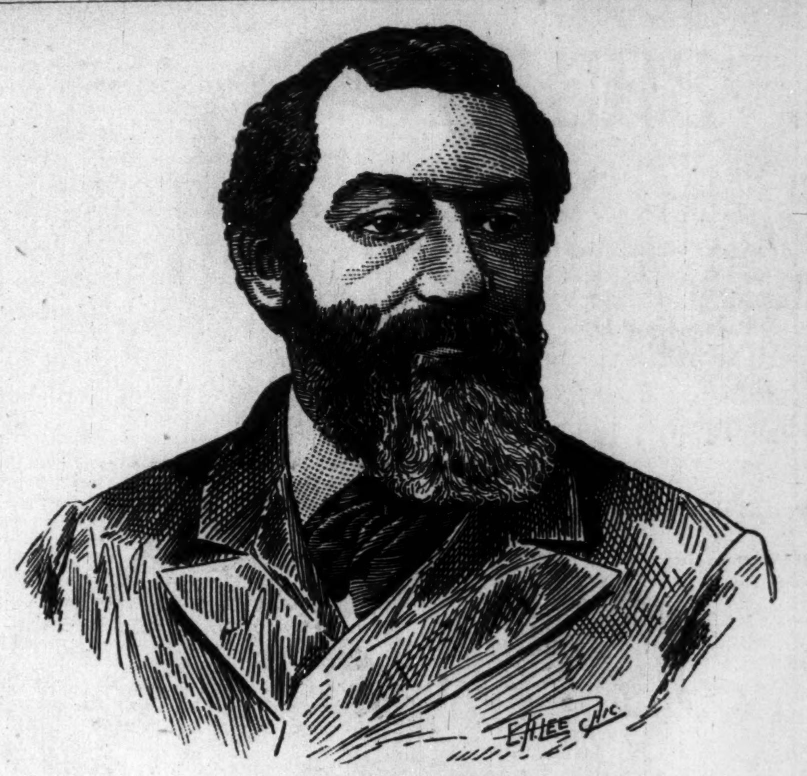
Having read your paper for the past two months, I am greatly interested in its success and circulation. It is very closely allied to the interest of the Negro race. I had an occasion to visit Defunica Springs, Fla. During my short stay. I visited the "Chautauqua" and heard several letters and stories from different gentlemen and ladies and was well pleased. On Saturday the 22d at 7 o'clock there was music on the water, and at 7:30 the music ceased and the many visitors were called into the tabernacle to witness the magic scenery. At 9:15 the crowd broke and the many visitors (with myself) marched down to the depot to take their leave. The train was nearly an hour behind time and while waiting some of the colored passengers went into the sitting room as all passengers do. They were soon ordered out and forced to the door by a crowd of white ruffians. Soon afterwards, while passing through a crowd of white men, one of the aforesaid ruffians gave me a violent blow on the head. I turned and looked, but could not tell who passed the blow, as there was such a vast number of them. In an instant another portion of the crowd of Negro-haters came upon one of the colored waiters of the hotel with a piece of broom handle in his hand. One exclaimed see! This Negro has a club! Another cried: Do you want to use that club on me! They sprang upon him and beat him unmercifully and in less than ten minutes they had cruelly beaten another colored man, and still another was beaten and chased with dogs. The yells of those ruffians could be heard for miles around exclaiming, here he goes! Here he goes! Catch him! Catch him! Yelling to their dogs, wh-oo-e! Wh-oo-e! Catch him! The dogs bit the colored men very badly. The cries of those poor Negroes could be heard, "please don't kill me! I haven't done any thing!" The whites outnumbered the blacks fifty to one. What could the poor Negroes do but hide themselves. They had to stay in secluded places until the arrival of the train. How are we to live among the whites? If such outrages are allowed to continue, it is very hard to tell what the future will bring forth. Times must undoubtedly get better or worse on our part. We cannot stand to be thus imposed upon and if the laws of the country does not protect us we are compelled to resist the treatment. We apply to the good thinking white men of the country for their sympathy and help toward extending to us justice and the rights of citizenship. We frankly acknowledge that among the whites there are some good meaning citizens who are willing to give us our rights as citizens and are opposed to the tragedy imposed upon the colored people of the South. We do not ask the privilege of sitting in their parlors and dining with them at their residence, but simply ask them to give us our privileges and rights as law-abiding citizens.

PERK.

If you are contemplating a trip to any point in Missouri, Kansas, Texas, California, or any Western State, call on the nearest agent of the Big Four Route (C. C. C. & St. L. Ry.), and obtain full information as to rates, routes, and all other matters of interest. The solid vestibnle trains of the Big Four Route, makiug close connections in Union Depots, offer accommodations and facilities excelled by no other line. The dining-car service of the Big Four Route is unsurpassed.

WANTED

A correspondent. Object, matrimony. Address, Mr. W. H. St. Clair, Chateau, Mont.



CHARLES McLINN, ESQ.,
Of New Haven, Conn.

A REPRESENTATIVE AFRO-AMERICAN.

Charles McLinn, Esquire, of New Haven, Conn.

Charles McLinn is one of the most respected citizens of New Haven. He was born of free parents in Newberne, N. C., February 13, 1833. He came and settled permanently in New Haven in 1853. Atwater Treat, a good abolitionist, took him into his employ where he worked as a journeyman until 1870. He improved rapidly and soon became a fine mechanic, consequently he was appointed chief carpenter of Yale College. In this responsible position he has remained with increasing favor for twenty years.

He wedded Miss Ellen Skinner, of Edenton, N. C., March 20, 1855. Thirty years of domestic happiness are theirs in which time a family of four daughters have been reared and given a virtuous education. He is a tender husband, a fond father and beloved grandfather. He is a stalwart race man and a firm believer in the necessity of educating colored youths. His house is known and his hospitality has been extended to the earliest as well as to the latest colored graduate from any of the departments of Yale University. The colored youth of New Haven have not escaped the notice of his fostering care, neither has he neglected to join and contribute liberally to the support of an influential Christian Church. But Charles McLinn is seen at his best in his snug and cozy home of peace and plenty. Gentle and courteous and kind is he. No one who has shared his hospitality and conversed with him on the topics of the day, especially those questions pertaining to the present and future welfare of the colored race, can doubt that he is a magnanimous man.

C. H. D.

Lewisburg, W. Va. Notes.

The M. E. Church Sabbath School held Easter services, which was largely attended. Rev. John Barnett, pastor addressed them. He beautifully illustrated the burrial and resurection of Christ and why that Easter day is one celebrated by every race or people. The program was well rendered by the Sabbath School after which there was a penny and nickel resurection for the Missionary Fund. The choir made the air with music ring.

Springfield, (O.) Sprays.

One of the best equipped photographers in the city is owned and operated by Lewis B. Hunster.——Springfield has as fine a set of officers as one wishes to meet anywhere: Court bailiff, Thomas Brassfield and one of the best Clarke county ever had; Charles W Fillmore, deputy county clerk; James Buford, contractor and builder and a large real estate owner; James Nelson & Sons, general blacksmiths, makes wagon trucks, buggies plows, "seven-hands;" James Handley, the inventor of milk shake also several others. I will write up dates with a sketch and photo, two police, and six firemen. We are coming.

THE BALTIMORE LETTER.

Easter in the Monumental City—Numerous Entertainments—Postmaster Johnson's record in Colored Appointments—Miss Hallie Q. Brown at Trinity Church.

Baltimore Md., Special.

Easter Sabbath morning dawned beautiful and clear, the ringing of many church bells and the chatter of thousands hurrying to the places of Worship, were truly indicative of the memorable and significent event for which the day was observed. The Roman Catholic churches were handsomely decorated, the skill and task of talented artists were expended on these decorations, thoroughly life-like and suggestive.

In the altar of some of these churches were likenesses of the Oriental Sepulcher wherein lay the body of Christ on the two days subsequent to his crucifixion. The music was appropriate and well executed. At the Protestant churches as well, Easter was observed and many of these churches were aritstically decrated. Bethel A. M. E. church was excellently trimmed for this occasion, and the exercises in the afternoon were highly creditable to the affair. Excellent music was rendergd under the leadership of J. James Dangee.

Numerous concerts and social entertainments were held at the various churches on Easter Monday evening.

At the residence of Miss Mamie B. Grooms on Monday evening. The J. H. N. circle of the King's Daughters gave an entertainment for the benefit of the pastor. The special feature was an interesting Mystery Box. The admission was free and many were present. Quite a neat little sum was raised which will be distributed among the most needy.

This organization has a worthy object and is doing a good work. The ladies connected with it are Misses Annie, May and Ella Butler, Callie and Gertie Deaves, Ida and Estella Cummings, Sadie Reed, Mamie B. Groves and Mrs. Addie Waller. THE FREEMAN wishes this company of ladies much success and assures them of its support.

Since Postmaster Johnson has assumed the duties of his office much interest has been taken on the part of the colored voters as to the attitude Mr. Johnson would assume toward colored recognition, and we are glad to say that up to the present no reasonable complaints can be made.

Out of twenty-one places outside of the classified service, eight of these have been given to colored men, and one appointment has been made under the Civil Service, that of Mr. William B. Homer, as a substitute clerk. Mr. Homer is an educated and accomplished gentleman and an efficient school teacher.

Should Mr. Johnson keep up such a creditable record, they will feel somewhat encouraged for their unfailing loyalty to the G. O. P. Keep your record up Mr. Johnson and we wont kick.

At Trinity A. M. E. Church on Easter Monday evening a grand concert and elocutionary entertainment was given by Miss Hallie Q. Brown and some of the best musical talent of the city. Miss Brown's selections were well chozen and her execution of them was done in a style in which a talented, trained and natural elocutionist can alone perform. In her humorous as well as her pathetic selections she took the house by storm, and the impression she has left on Baltimoreans is one worthy of the reputation which has followed her all over the country.

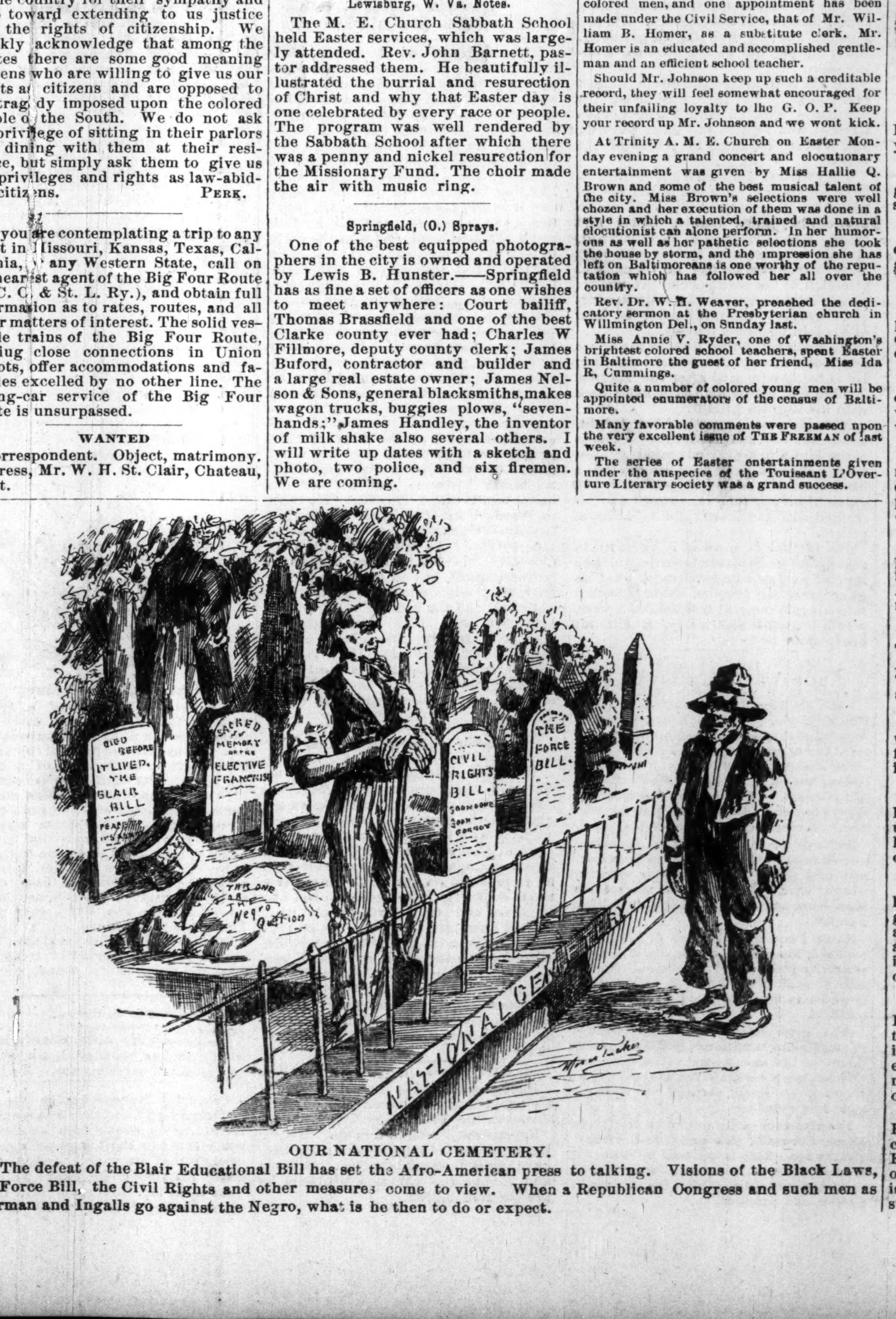
Rev. Dr. W. H. Weaver, preached the dedicatory sermon at the Presbyterian church in Willmington Del., on Sunday last.

Miss Annie V. Ryder, one of Washington's brightest colored school teachers, spent Easter in Baltimore the guest of her friend, Miss Ida R. Cummings.

Quite a number of colored young men will be appointed enumerators of the census of Baltimore.

Many favorable comments were passed upon the very excellent issue of THE FREEMAN of last week.

The series of Easter entertainments given under the auspecies of the Touissant L'Overture Literary society was a grand success.


DIED SEPT ... IT LIVED THE BLAIR BILL
SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF THE ELECTIVE FRANCHISE
CIVIL RIGHTS BILL
THE FORCE BILL
NATIONAL CEMETERY

OUR NATIONAL CEMETERY.

The defeat of the Blair Educational Bill has set the Afro-American press to talking. Visions of the Black Laws, the Force Bill, the Civil Rights and other measures come to view. When a Republican Congress and such men as Sherman and Ingalls go against the Negro, what is he then to do or expect.

[Our City People.]

—The singers and musicians of the city are discussing the feasibility of a permanent organization for study and exchange of ideas in their profession. A first-class choral club and grand orchestra would advertise this citys' culture in a way that would attract much foreign attention and would result in great good.

—Tuckers 10 E. Washington St. open. New underwear for men and women 10¢ to 50¢. New hosiery & socks 10¢ to 25¢. A lot of extra fine ladies liale thread french at regular price. 1st this lot goes at 62½¢. Call early. It will pay you.

—If satisfactory arrangements can be made, W. O. King, the famous Philadelphia humorist, will appear here in June, under the direction of Mr. R. W. Thompson. Mr. King will be assisted by Messrs. C. S. Johnston, formerly of this city, W. G. Harris, of Maysville, Ky., and choice local talent.

—The report that Elder T. J. Manson has mortgaged the church property for $4,000 is not true. It is the intention to raise all the money by subscription and through the operation of ten clubs, each to raise $100.

THE GRANDEST OF THE SEASON.

Messrs. Jay and Bernaur, proprietors of the popular resort at 25 N. Ills. St., gave a grand opening last Wednesday night, which has never been excelled in this city. The gentlemen bought ought Capt. Stewart a few weeks ago and began to remodel and refit at once. After decorating the room with elegant designs in paper, frescoing and paints, has made it the neatest in the city. After having this accomplished, they gave their friends a grand opening, and an enjoyable time was had. Their genial demeanor and superior brands of drinks, bespeak for them success. Go and see them.

A Local Sensation.

Our city is noted for so many things that one can scarcely walk a square on any of our public thoroughfares without seeing many things and places of attraction, out of the ordinary. A good cigar is the desideratum of every well developed newspaper man and chancing to pass by the Bates House Pharmacy, we dropped in for a Havana filler and a light. We found them and not only them, but we met the genial proprietor, Mr. F. Will Pantzer, who, by the way, is one of the most advanced druggists and pharmacists in the city.

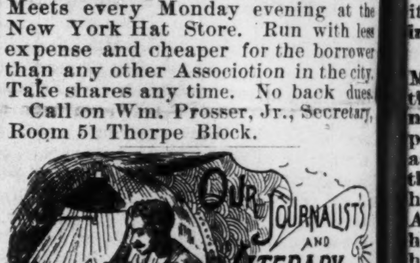
A peep into his store will convince one of this fact. He carries a full line of fresh pure drugs, perfumes and soaps and toilet articles of all kinds. He invites every reader of THE FREEMAN to give him a call, Don't make a mistake. The Bates House Pharmacy, 54 W. Washington St. F. Will Pantzer, Proprietor. Open day and night.

HOMES FOR ALL.

Best Opportunity for Laboring Men.

Turn over a new leaf. Save 50 cents a week by taking a share in the Champion Building and Loan Association. Meets every Monday evening at the New York Hat Store. Run with less expense and cheaper for the borrower than any other Associotion in the city. Take shares any time. No back dues.

Call on Wm. Prosser, Jr., Secretary, Room 51 Thorpe Block.


OUR JOURNALISTS AND LITERARY FOLKS.

Lincoln University, Chester county Penn., is closing its 35th academical year.

‡—‡—‡

Prof. G. A. Woodward, a scholarly gentleman, is principal of Gregory Institute, Wilmington, N. C.

‡—‡—‡

Prof. James M. Gregory is permanent President of the Educational Congress which convened recently at Washington.

‡—‡—‡

The colored Freemasons of Philadelphia, are negotating for the purchase of a lot at 1015 South 5th street, Camden, N. J., as the site for a hall.

‡—‡—‡

The "African Advocate" is the title of a new race paper which appears this week at Denver, Col. G. N. Walker will be responsible for its management.

‡—‡—‡

J. Gordon Street, one of the best news writers in the country, has severed his connection with the Philadelphia Sentinel as its Boston correspondent.

‡—‡—‡

Brooklyn, N. Y. is to have two race papers. One of them has already made its bow. The Sentinel is its name, and Augustus M. Hodges & Co. are in command of the craft.

‡—‡—‡

T. Thos. Fortune lectures before the Tuskegee Normal School, Tuskegee, Ala., April 15th and 17th. Subjects, "The value of Industrial Education" and "Rocks Ahead."

‡—‡—‡

George W. Cable dubs J. W. Cromwell, of the People's Advocate, "the foremost statistician of the Negro race industrial progress in the U. S."

‡—‡—‡

Dr. Philip A. White, of the Brooklyn, N. Y. school board, owing to a misunderstanding with the school officials has placed his resignation in the hands of Mayor Chopin.

‡—‡—‡

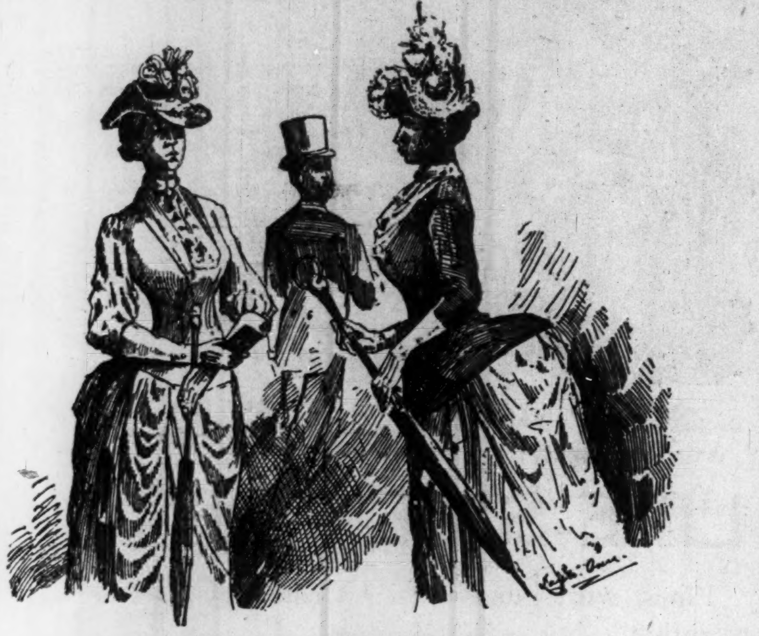
The pupils of the Washington, D. C. high school are making wonderful progress in the study of electricity. In a recent exhibition they performed a number of very difficult experiments, involving a wide range of knowledge of the science.

‡—‡—‡

Robert M. Harris, of Washington, D. C. is making a mark as an electrictrician. He placed the electric bells in a large business building without error, and did the same for the Freedman's Hospital and private residences of numerous citizens.

It Is Astonishing

How much may be obtained for a small cash outlay, if invested with THE FREEMAN. Read the liberal premium offers in this issue, and if your name is not already on our list send us your subscription at once.



NOT UP IN THE STYLES.

"Are you acquainted with that Miss Vantress? I heard you were fast friends.

"Why no! She aint stylish a little bit. She didn't even have the 'grip' last fall."

A CHANCE FOR YOUNG MEN.

THE FREEMAN wants to secure the services of a young man as representative in the following States: South Carolina, North Carolina, Georgia, Tennessee and Deleware. Will pay salary to the right kind of a man. Must have fair education, write a good hand, be a good talker and able to give reference. Address THE FREEMAN at once.

THE QUEEN CITY NEWS.

Gathered by the Feerless and Ubiquitous Scribe—The Churches, Lodges and Personals.

Cincinnati O. Special to THE FREEMAN.

The incorporators of the Colored Building Association are making great effort to make it one of the finest and best managed institutions in the state, and especially in Cincinnati. Several hundred shares have already been subscribed and many more are daily being taken. With the gentlumen who are at the head success is alraady assured.

The Easter services at the different churches was in every instance a grand success. At the Mound street Baptist church quite an elaborat program was rendered. The altar was handsomely decorated with plants and flowers, and with the handsome toilet worn by the ladies made a pleasing view to the eye. At Allen Temple the Sunday School service led by Prof. Thos. W. Johnson and Jno. Dixon, attracted a very large audience who listened to a very interesting program and a review of the work done by the Sabbath school, during the past few months. Union Chapel M. E. Church also held services. The Sunday school under the leadership of Mr. E. J. Lewis is one of the best conducted in the city and its membership is constantly increasing.

The wedding of Mr. Jno. Brooks and Miss Fannie Mason was solemnized at the Mound street Baptist church Wednesday night. The bridal dress was a poem of beauty and excited general admiration. The groom was attired in the customary black suit and looked as happy as possible for mortal to be. After the ceremony a reception was held at the home of the bride on Ritten house street, where a bounteous repast was served. Many handsome and useful presents were received and all left wishing the happy pair a long and pleasant journey down the stream of life.

Mr. H. A. Clark, of the Adj. General's office, Columbus O., spent a few days in this city during the past week.

Mr. Edgar Watson who was quite ill the past week, is again at his post.

Mr. E. E. Cooper, THE FREEMAN'S popular editor, spent the Sabbath in the city among friends, and left early Monday morning well pleased with his flying trip.

Among the latest wedding announcements is that of Dr. Cary and Mrs. Dona Black, one of our popular society ladies.

Excelsior Division No. 7. K. of P. are making grand preparations to attend the meeting of the Supreme Lodge which meets in Dayton, June 10.

At this writing the B. P. has not appointed a single colored man to a position. Wonder if the colored Democrats are going to get left?

Peter Jackson, the champion of Australia and soon to be champion of the United States, spent the past week in the city. Mr. Jackson is an educated gentleman and won many friends by his courteous manners and modest behavior.

LOCAL AGENTS.

In each and every locality where THE FREEMAN has not now a local agent we desire one, and to any one who fowards a request we will supply with necessary canvassing matter free of charge.

Every friend to THE FREEMAN should see to it that it is represented in each locality by an active, earnest worker, and to local agents who work for us we offer liberal inducements. We want the aid of good local agents as well as the friendly work of subscribers in increasing our circulation.

FACTS ON BAPTISM.

Send 10¢ for a book of Seven Facts on Baptism to Rev. H. W. Smith, B. D. Box 30, Clarksville, Tenn.

READ FRIENDS!

Now is the time to raise clubs for The Freeman. We want every reader of The Freeman to get a few friends to subscribe. Take their names and get their subscriptions and send them to The Freeman,

Indianapolis, Ind.

Where it is.

THE FREEMAN can be had at Wm. Brown's cigar store every Saturday. Don't forget the number, 150 Green street. Norfolk, Va.

THE OVERFLOW IN LOUISIANA.

The Father of Waters and its Tributaries.

Henderson, La., special to THE FREEMAN.

All along the banks of the Mississippi River here in the South, levees are built every year. The purpose is of course to protect the front and the interior of the country bordering on its banks, from the destructive overflows that is sure to be every year during the highwater period unless securely leveed in. The building of these levees on our side of the river is conducted by a District Levee Board who contracts them out to the lowest bidder. The contractors have been at work here building on our levee about three months with their levee workmen and teams, thinking to complete their work without extra labor. About three weeks ago the river began to rise so fast that all the farm hands and teams in the country had to be brought out to reinforce them. A week later the mightiest river of America began to swell herself and show her irresistable power by carrying off the banks and the old levee that protected the new levee work from her water. However, the water came against it, and men had to work night and day, Sundays not excepted. We were at work all along the line trying to keep her in her banks. The water was running over the top in many places and it was a hard task to keep the levee two or three inches ahead of the water, owing to it being difficult to get dirt for the river on one side and rain and sipage water on the other, but our labor in that direction was soon ended. Last Saturday about 5 o'clock p. m., the 14th ult., a change came for the worse. The levee broke at Raleigh about two miles from where we were at work. The swelled flood rolled through with such terrific force that she destroyed whatever was before her, washing up trees and sweeping houses from their foundation, and in less time than I have been writing these lines the mad water had spread many miles around, and moving in a swift current. Perhaps you have never seen a levee break or witnessed an overflow, but take the word of the writer who lives here and is now looking out on the flood next in size to old man Noah's. Nearly every man in the country was out on the works when it occurred, and the women and children at home alone. Think of it. Everybody knew that it meant great destruction to life and property, and every man made a wild excited rush for his own home, only to find his way obstructed by the wild waves that had out ran them. Now think of the terror-stricken women and children and live stock, poultry and storehouses of ration in the water. Sunday morning all the skiffs and other sort of small boats that could be scraped up, were started out to rescue the living. Men, women and children were found on the housetops where they had roosted all night, wet and chilled.

[More about this flood will appear in the next issue.]

Dr. Bryant is not Bothered with the Green-Eyed Monster.

"Chattanooga Observer" publishes a fine picture of Edward E. Cooper, editor of THE FREEMAN, also a sketch of his life.

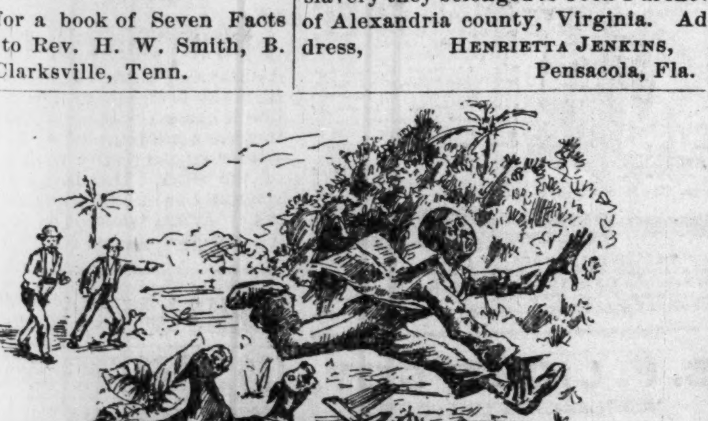
We think it is about time that some of the editors should let the world know about this great journalist as he has brought so many of us to the notice of the world. Let us boom our great men of all trades and professions.

THE FREEMAN has done a grand work on this line.

INFORMATION WANTED.

Information wanted of my parents, Charles and Elizabeth Hicks. During slavery they belonged to Cook Furchew of Alexandria county, Virginia. Address,

HENRIETTA JENKINS,
Pensacola, Fla.



And still another was beaten and chased with dogs.

Mississippi Politics.

A SKETCH OF HON. JAS. HILL—REPUBLICAN CONTESTANT FROM THE THIRD DISTRICT.

Democratic Methods have so far Thwarted the Will of the People.

Special Correspondence of THE FREEMAN:

Vicksburg, Miss., March 6.—Hon. James Hill, the present contestant for a seat in the 51st Congress, from the 3rd district of Mississippi, is a native of that state. His services have been varied, useful and honorable alike himself, race and party. He has creditably and satisfactorily filled various stations of trust and prominence. He was Sergeant at Arms in the Mississippi legislature in 1860 and '71, a member of the legislature in 1872 and '73, and so conspicuous was his ability, so pronounced his fitness and qualification as a representative man, that an admiring constituency resolved that he should go up higher, and accordingly elected him Secretary of State in 1873. This position he held for four years and the universal estimate is that no man ever filled this high and responsible position with greater ability and more acceptability than he.

In 1879 President Hayes appointed him Collector of Internal Revenue for the state, which place he held for six years. The importance of this place and the responsibility attached to it can be better understood when it is known that Mr. Hill is required to furnish, and did furnish a bond in the sum of two hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars.

His administration of the affairs of this important office, was in keeping and consonant with his past record for honesty, capasity, integrity, and attentiveness to business; consequently when by the grace of ex-President Cleveland and triumphant Democracy he was required to surrender his stewardship, all was clear, the books and affairs of the office were straight, and Mr. Hill retired from office as he entered it, with a record fair and cloudless a character unsullied, and made more luminous by vast responsibility.

Such a man is, and should be an honor to any race, a pride, a boast of any constituency; that Mr. Hill is thus estimated and looked upon, wherever he is known goes without saying.

He was a Presidential elector in 1872, and has been a delegate to every National Republican Convention since reconstruction; at most of these Conventions he was a delegate from the State at large.

He has served several terms, and is now a member of the National Republican Executive Committee for Mississippi, and is consequently well and favorably known beyond the limits of his own State by the most prominent men of the party; and is everywhere considered and recognized as an able, worthy and honorable representative of his race, and a fearless exponent of Republicanism.

At the general election of 1888 he was the Republican candidate for Congress from the Third Mississippi District; his candidacy met with the enthusiastic and united support of the Republicans of district and State. This district is unquestionably Republican, having been so ceded by the Democrats under the last Democratic apportionment.

Mr. Hill was undoubtedly elected, but in keeping with the "Southern Plan," this district, like others in this section, had to become the prey of the intollerant and insatiable Democracy; it was forced through the operation of fraud, suppression and their concomitants, surrender its actual, and recognized and accredited majority of more than twenty thousand, to that party which so ruthlessly disregards honest elections, ignores fair counting, and tramples under its unhallowed feet the most sacred franchises of our Federal Charter.

Mr. Catchings, the democratic candidate, was returned elected by the democratic manipulators, and fraudulent majority constructors—by a majority of 7,011,—he was awarded the certificate by a democratic governor, elected in the same manner and now occupies a seat in the 51st Congress.

Now, that the good work of weeding out some of these frauds upon our election system, and righting some of the wrongs that have been perpetrated upon Southern Republicans with such unblushiug effrontery, has begun, let us hope, that Mr. Catchings, and his wrongful occupation of a seat in Congress will become a "shining mark," and that he will be speedily retired from the places he occupies, and to which he was never elected; and, that, in turn, Mr. Hill may be permitted to take his seat to which he was elected, and to which he is entitled; thereby satisfying the demands of justice, and awarding the district its rightful representative.

That this will be done is the sanguine hope, the earnest prayer and the confident expectation of all Republicans of this section.

As a member of Congress we venture to predict for Mr. Hill a career of usefulness and benifit not only to and for his own district, but for the entire South.

No man is more fully cognizant with the needs of this section, more familiar with the blighting influences and retarding effects of Democratic methods, pratices and rule, and no Representative will be more zealous and active in contributing to bring about those changes and results, which will cause the section to merit in truth, fact and reality the appellation a "New South."

A DISASTRIOUS DAY

For the Republicans in Chicago—A Rising Singer—Recognition of Afro-Americans by Chicago's Business Men—Pertinent, Local and Personal News.

Chicago, Ills., Special to The Freeman.

On Tuesday April 1st, occurred in our city, the township election of Assessors, Collectors, Supervisors and Clerks. Chicago was divided into three divisions, electing an officer for each of the above named places. The Democrats were victorous everywhere, and carried every township office on the ticket. The Republicans did not elect a man, and this is the first instance of this kind, in the history of Chicago politics. The Democrats were able to sweep everything. THE FREEMAN predicted sometime ago, that the Republicans would meet their Waterloo, and while they were having their factional fights, the Democrats were sawing wood. Ever since the Hurtz notorious decision (and it was a bad one) the colored and labor vote has been devided, but the whites and blacks have worked together right along. Mr. Raymond's threat also saying that all colored employes in the city offices, who would not support Hurtz, would loose their job, had a great deal to do with defeating the Republican ticket.

"One man can lead a pony to the brink,
But ten thousand can not make him drink."

The colored voter will be reasoned with and advised, but you cannot make him vote a ticket unless he wants to. The colored voters of Chicago are well organized, and when they make up their minds to defeat a candidate, they enerally succeed. One good feature in this last election, was the complete setting down upon the "back number politician," he has been crushed to the wall and it is a good thing. Now that the Democrats have got into power, assisted by the colored vote; we shall see what recognition, if any, they will give the colored vote. If they do nothing, then when the next election comes, they too must go. The Afro-American politician should make it a rule, to vote against and defeat any man, who has not his interest and that of his race at heart. The ballot is a great weapon, and we must use it intelligently and to our own advantage.

J. B. Clow & Son, the largest wholesale house of the kind in the west, hardware and rubber, has in their employ several Afro-Americans in responsible positions. Mr. C. M. Willson who has been in their employ ten years and worked up from hustler to general salesman, which position he has held for three years and has proven equal to any of the twenty-five, or more, in the house. He was married last August at Philadelphia to a Miss Annie Swigget.

The "Palmer House Wabash avenue Turkish Baths" have just received their spring suit, and the work of art in graining, guilding and frescocing etc., was done by Mr. Harmour and Mr. Frank Dennis.

Mrs. R. D. Marshall, is making extensive preparations for the Old Folks Concert at Herman Baptist church next Thursday.

Mr. A. J. Thomas, has bought No. 4810 Tracy avenue to where he moved last week.

Miss Rena Griggsby, who has been living at Ft. Sulley, is in the city on a three weeks visit.

Last Sunday being Easter services in accordance were held at all our churches. Mrs. D. Johnson presented the pastor of Herman Baptist church, in behalf of the ladies, a handsome gold watch and chain.

The Daily News paid a glowing tribute to Miss Zoe Ball in its Saturday evenings issue, as a well educated, refined and born artist, as a musician and vocalist. She was not flattered in the least and we are proud of her and reproduce her profile in this issue of THE FREEMAN.

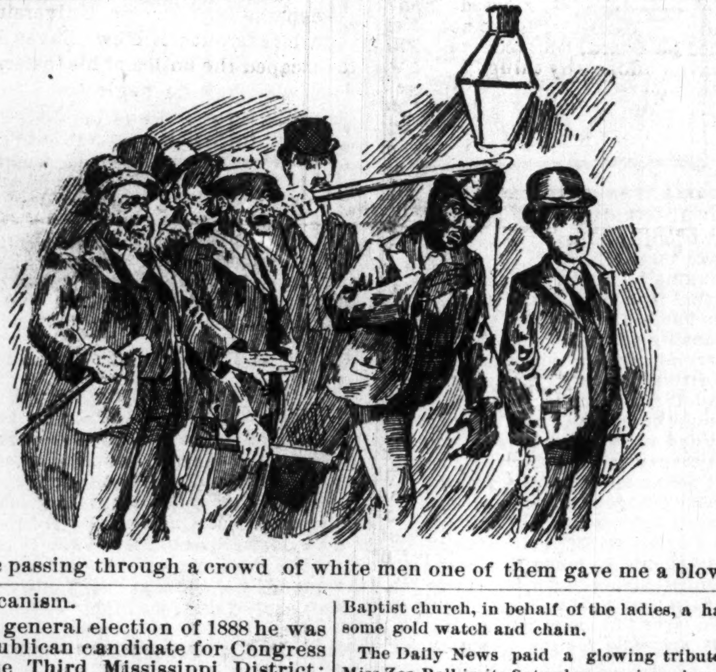
Mrs. George Weaver and daughter, left for Columbus O., Monday last.

Mr. S. Loard and family, formerly of Hinsdale Ills., have moved to 478 State street,

A special sermon was preached at the Olivet street Baptist church last Sunday lo the Knight Templers. An excellent literary program was also rendered.

Dr. McAllcster, the only Afro-American on the South Town ticket, was defeated. Afro-Americans should be loyal when holding office if they want to be retained.

TUDA.



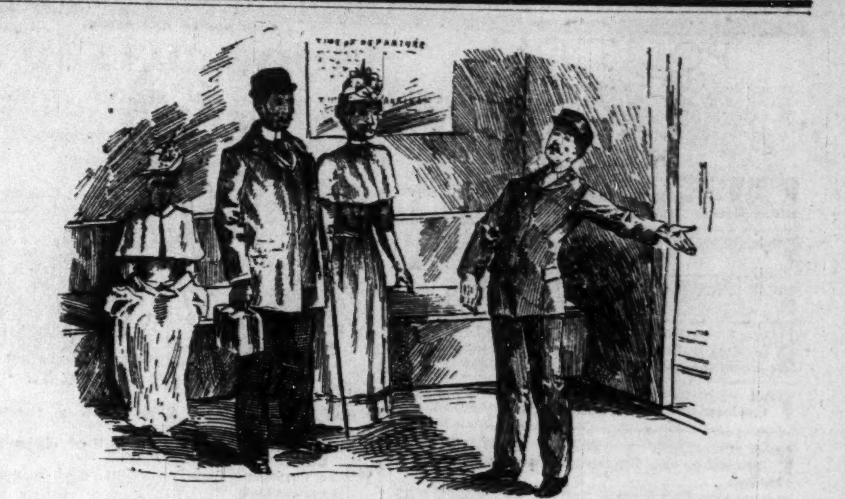
While passing through a crowd of white men one of them gave me a blow,

MADISON DAVIS'S ESQ., P. M., AT ATHENS, GA.

Madison Davis was born a slave in Clarke county, Ga., and moved to Athens when ten years old. He was put in a carriage factory at 18, served his apprenticeship in the smith department and worked in that factory nearly three years, and became quite an expert at his trade. After the war he was taken from the anvil and elected to the Legislature in 1868, and reelected in 1870. After serving four years he went into the merchantile business. He did a large business for several years. He was appointed by President Garfield Surveyor of Customs at Atlanta, Ga., served about two years, and was appoiuted by President Arthur as postmaster at Athens, Ga., after serving in that capacity four years, he went into the real estate business. He was appointed postmaster by President Harrison recently. While he has never considered himself a politician, he has been a faithful worker for his people and for the Republican party. He has been true to the G. O. P., and to the flag that freed his race. He has represented his race in nearly every State convention, and has been a member of the State Central Committee for over twenty years. He has also represented his district in every presidential convention for twenty yesrs. He has reared a large family and educated them. He is a good business man and a shrewd financier, self-made, and one of the few that have succeeded through their own perseverance and industry.

The Negroes Paradise.

There are more civil rights in Key West, and less friction between the races on that island, than can be found in a similar sized community, south of Mason and Dixon's line.—Florida Sentinel.



They were soon ordered out and forced to the door.

THE EDUCATIONAL ADVANCEMENT

Of Afro-American in Kansas—The Mixed School Nonsense—The Black Laws —Local News.

Topeka, Kansas, special to THE FREEMAN.

In continuing our letters concerning the work and progress of the Afro-Americans in Kansas, we desire to call your attention to the progress in education. Education, wealth and morality are the great social forces. Nations who have made the greatest advancements in civilization, are those which have paid particular attention to the highest development in these lines. In our previous letters we have given particular attention to the massing of wealth among our people. We cannot fully appreciate the vast amount of wealth among our people, because of the scattered condition of it. We haven't among us fortunes, the result of generations of accumulated wealth and intellectuality. Our wealth and intelligence is but the stored labor of a generation. Kansas is blessed (?) with that cursed institution—separate schools. The cause of the separation of the schools in this State is attributed to certain of our Negro ministry. Just wherein the wisdom of the movement lies we have been unable to discover, but that it is pregnant with evil, is very apparent. The advent of the exodusters brought an unusally large number of Afro-Americans of a school age. Immediately, a number of "Jackleg" Negro preachers, ably seconded by Negro politicians and the ready acquiesence of the whites, the schools, which heretofore had been mixed, were divided. But the division of the schools is only allowed in cities of the first-class, and then we understand that it is optional. In the legislature of 1889 a strong effort was made to secure a repeal of this law. It is certainly the black law of Kansas. We desire to call attention to the work of Senator Bently, of Sedgwick county. Finding it to be impossible to secure a passage of the act repealing the law of 1879, he secured a special act, prohibiting the separation of schools in his district. Noble and heroic work was done by Hon. A. Fairfax, the only Negro who has ever set in the legislative halls as a representative. His speech on this law was considered one of the most forcible, eloquent and logical delivered in the house. We have separate schools in Topeka, Atchison, Leavenworth, Lawrence, Kansas City, Kans., Fort Scott and in some of the smaller towns, notably Valley Falls and Oskaloosa. The colored schools of Topeka employ twenty-four teachers with an average attendance of about 800 pupils. Opposition is not made to the separate schools, because of ineffective work of the teachers. We venture to say there will be found nowhere a more interested and painstaking set of teachers than in the Afro-American schools of Kansas. The standard of scholarship among their pupils, both for deportment and in acquiring knowledge, ranks as high as will be found among the whites, and the number of promotion is oftentimes greater. Under the adverse circumstances of the Afro-American teacher, the work done is highly commendable. The average intelligence, the self-respect and morality of our people, under benign influences of the Negro teacher is rapidly rising.

In our next letter we will speak of the advantages and objection to separate schools.

Dr. J. B. Whitson, of Buffalo, N. Y., is in the city, the guest of Hon. E. P. McCabe. The doctor will locate in Oklahoma.

Hon. H. M. Rolfe, president, of the Oklahoma Imigration Society and ex-editor of the American Citizen, is in the city for a short while. Mr. Rolfe is up from Oklahoma and is "biled" up with enthusiasm.

The Dispatch Club ball on the 11th promises to be a grand affair.

Ed Carr and Will Newman, a local battery of prominence, will occupy the points for an Omaha team this season.

Col. J. M. Brown, our efficient county clerk, is giving satisfaction.

FEARLESS.

A STUPENDOUS FRAUD.

HE TAKES IN WISCONSIN AND MINNESOTA GETTING DONATIONS AND COLLECTIONS FOR THE FREEMAN,

Which he Appropriates to his own use—He also Claims to Represent a Freemans' Industrial School at Indianapolis and Secures Large Donations for the same.

THE FREEMAN has been so frequently beaten by frauds and impostors and by persons who collect subscriptious for it, and refuse to turn them in, that we have come to regard them as a matter of course. Of late, however, this work has been so frequent and enormous that we are forced to protest. Perhaps the most stupendous fraud now misrepresenting us, is one Milton McLeod, he also goes by the name of Vinigar, A. I. Cooper and Frederick Douglass, Jr., who was once agent for THE FREEMAN at Minneapolis and St. Paul, Minn. He is now traveling in the State of Wisconsin, collecting subscriptions for THE FREEMAN, and representing that there is a large Freeman Industrial School in this city and that he is an authorized agent for the same

We publish here below excerpts from the Neenah Daily Times, Showing his route, and the enormity of his thiefts.

Menasha, Wis., Feb. 10.—[Special.]—A colored man, apparently a gentleman, with at least one hundred papers upon his arm, published in Indianapolis, Ind., came to Menasha Saturday and solicited aid. He represented himself as a son of Frederick Douglass, minister to Hayti, and said that he was devoting his entire time in the interests of the freedmen who had a school of colossal proportions at Indianapolis and that large subscriptions in the north were being given for its support. He solicited money from various persons and stated that on his book he had the names of John Stevens, Henry Sherry, H. Hewitt Sr., and others for large amounts aggregating $30,000. It has since developed that none of the above gentlemen subscribed the sum claimed, aud that some of them feel indignant that it should have been reported that they had. The alleged son of Frederick Douglass is considered a fraud, and would meet with a warm reception, should he again put in appearance.

We wish to state that there is no Freeman Industral School here and, that this man McLeod—Vinigar—Cooper—Douglass, is a humbug, a fraud and has no connection with THE FREEMAN.

OKLAHOMA BUDGET.

The Kansas Election—Notes.

The municipal election which took place April 1st passed off without much excitement, but there was quite a large vote polled. Hon. G. B. Anderson, a constant reader of THE FREEMAN, and a very influential Afro-American was elected constable by a fine majority. Mr. Anderson is one of the rising colored men in Kansas, honored and respected by all who know him. He has been thrice honored thus by the people of this city.

Dr. G. H. Brown, who was nominated for the Board of Education, was through the disafection of the colored voters defeated by 57 votes. This is to be regretted because, besides having served for two years in a most honorable manner, as a member of said board. Dr. Brown is one of the most talented Afro-Americans in the city, and to defeat such a man, always comes back with double force upon those who did it. Dr. Brown was the Republican nominee, and should have gone through with the rest of the ticket.

The Pleasant Hour Literary Club met at the residence of Mr. Charles U. Anderson, on Monday evening April 1st and a pleasant time was enjoyed. "The Sailor Boy," a declamation by Mrs. J. L. Brainch was well rendered and well received. Mrs. Anna Hodges recited the "Polish boy" and "The death of little Joe." Both these pieces were most beautifully rendered and was applauded by the audience. Mrs. Hodges is an elocutionist. Mr. S. E. Jones rendered a beautiful guitar solo, "What is home without a mother."

OKLAHOMA.

THE ORIGINAL HAIR RAISER.

POLITICAL.

FOR CLERK SUPREME COURT — MARION COUNTY—JOSEPH T. FANNING — Subject to the decision of the Democratic State convention.

FOR COUNTY TREASURER, JOHN OSTERMAN—Subject to the decision of the Democratic Nominating Convention.

FOR CLERK OF MARION COUNTY,
JOHN R. WILSON.

FOR RECORDER OF MARION COUNTY,
JOHN L. F. STEEG.

SIMON SCHMALHOLZ, FOR RECORDER of Marion County—Subject to the decision of the Democratic Nominating Convention.

FOR SHERIFF, JOHN JOHNSON—Subject to the Democratic nominating convention.

FOR TOWNSHIP ASSESSOR, H. W. WHITE Subject to the Republican nominating convention.

FOR SHERIFF OF MARION COUNTY, HENRY W. LANGENBURG—Subject to the Democratic nominating convention.

FOR PROSECUTING ATTORNEY, JOHN W. HOLTZMAN—Subject to the Democratic nominating convention.

FOR COUNTY COMMISSIONER, CHARLIE LAMOTTE—Subject to the Democratic nominating convention.

FOR COUNTY COMMISSIONER—WM. LANGSTAFF—Subject to the Democratic nominating convention.

FOR COUNTY CLERK - CHAS. W. BRIDGES—Subject to the Democratic nominating convention

FOR SHERIFF OF MARION COUNTY—JACK S. CROSBY — Subject to the Democratic nominating convention.

FOR CLERK OF MARION COUNTY—V. M. BACKUS—Subject to the decision of the Democratic nominating convention.

FOR AUDITOR OF MARION COUNTY — THOMAS TAGGART—Subject to the Democratic nominating convention.

FOR RECORDER OF MARION COUNTY—JOSEPH BRISTOW—Subject to the Democratic nominating convention.

FOR COUNTY RECORDER—W. B. FLICK — Subject to the Democratic nominating convention

FOR COUNTY COMMISSIONER—THIRD DISTRICT—JACOB A, EMRICH—Subject to the decision of the Democratic nominating convention.

FOR JUSTICE OF THE PEACE— CENTER TOWNSHIP—MARION COUNTY — RICHARD M. SMOCK—Subject to the decision of the Republican convention.

FOR COUNTY COMMISSIONER—THIRD DISTRICT—FURMAN STOUT—Subject to the decision of the Democratic County Convention.

FOR SHERIFF OF MARIOM COUNTY—CAPT J. MANY—Subject to the decision of the Republican nominating convention.

FOR CONSTABLE OF CENTER TOWNSHIP—CHAS R. BIGGS—Subject to the decision of the Republican nominating convention.

FOR ASSESSOR OF CENTER TOWNSHIP—B. F. JONES—subject to the decision of the Democratic nominating convention.

FOR CORONER OF MARION COUNTY—FRANK E. MANKER, M. D.—subject to the Democratic nominating convention.

VOTE FOR
HUGH WHITE,
FOR TOWNSHIP ASSESSOR.
Election, Monday, April 7.

FOR COUNTY COMMISSIONER.
[Third District.]
JACOB HANCH,
Subject to the decision of the Democratic County Convention.

FOR COUNTY AUDITOR,
D. MUSSMANN,
Subject to the decision of the Democratic County Convention.

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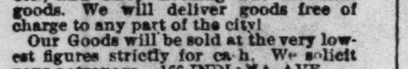
PENSIONS.
New Laws, New Rulings. Every soldier or soldier's widow should send to the Old Established Claim Agency of P. H. FITZGERALD and get his [illegible] of War Claims, mailed free [illegible] Market St. P. H. FITZGERALD

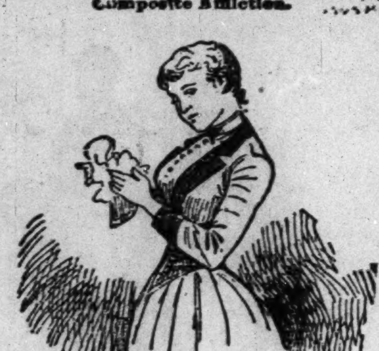
"THE HAMITE,"
By REV. HARVEY JOHNSON, D. D., of Baltimore, Md. This little volume contains sermons and the celebrated paper on the Hamite. Send 25c to The Freeman and secure a copy.

THE FREEMAN
Can always be found at
DR. STRONG'S DRUG STORE,
805 Alabama Street, Selma, Ala.
Subscriptions also received here.

A New Enterprise.
We wish to inform our friends and the public that we have opened bussness at 166 INDIANA AVE., where we shall handle Poultry, Butter, Eggs, Fresh Fish, etc., and carry nothing but first-class goods. We will deliver goods free of charge to any part of the city!
Our Goods will be sold at the very lowest figures strictly for cash. We solicit your patronage. 166 INDIANA AVE.
SHORES & TEVIS.

SMOKE THE

BOARD OF TRADE
The CHANCE OF MARION COUNTY.
and if you've got a dime call for the
HAMBLETONIAN OR FLORA.

Composite Affliction.



Speak, O lovely Ann Eliza, with a terrible coryza,
And a wheezy respiration full of sighs and husky moans,
With a constant lachrymation, and a nasal intonation,
From catarrhal inflammation o'er the turbinated bones!

Why, thou young and happy maiden, in thy conversation laden
With a copious addition of abortive b's and d's?
And from whence did you derive a red and swollen conjunctiva,
And a frequent inclination to incontinently sneeze?

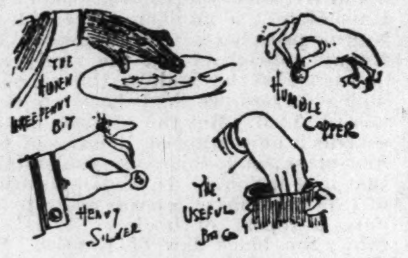
Is this malady outrageous which you suffer with contagious?
Epidemic, or endemic? Tell me whence the thing arose,
Where its place of incubation, what its future destination!
Spake the lovely Ann Eliza, smiling sweetly, "No one nose."
—Rehoboth Sunday Herald.

CHURCH COLLECTIONS.

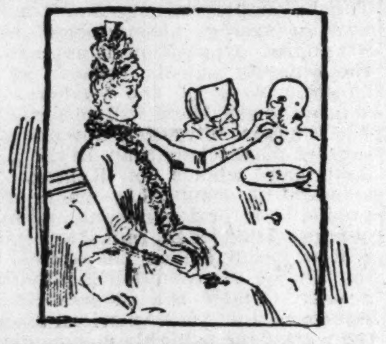
CHARACTER IN OCCUPANTS OF PEWS AS THE PLATE IS PASSED.

The Man Who Drops in a Piece That Falls with a Thud—The Threepenny Piece the Popular One in England.

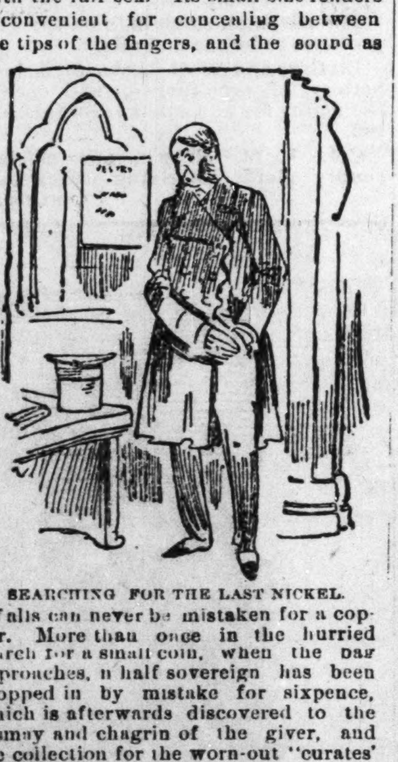
Among some of the curious characteristic actions by which people may betray their peculiarities to the close observer is the manner which many have of contributing to a collection, and the experiences of some who have long officiated in the capacity of collector are often amusing. Divers and strange also are the different forms of receptacles adopted by church authorities for the necessary and charitable purpose. They vary from the metal plate, beloved of Nonconformity, and which, we are told, stands unrivaled as an incentive to deposit a large coin, for obvious reasons, to the more accommodating velvet bag of varied shape and size.



As usual, in places where no change is given, people as a rule go prepared to give a coin of a certain value. The individuals who give half-sovereigns, and they are rare, usually hold the coin carefully between the finger and thumb, probably to convince those round about that it is not a sixpence. Those who contribute half-crowns, and this is far from being a popular coin, generally drop it into the bag, where it falls with a heavy thud. They have a self-complacent look, as much as to say they have done their share, and are not ashamed of it. The shilling is a popular collection coin, especially with men. It is a useful medium contribution, is not much missed, and is dropped in without temerity. The sixpence is even more popular still, and a great favorite with the fair sex. Its small size renders it convenient for concealing between the tips of the fingers, and the sound as it falls can never be mistaken for a copper. More than once in the hurried search for a small coin, when the bag approaches, a half sovereign has been dropped in by mistake for sixpence, which is afterwards discovered to the dismay and chagrin of the giver, and the collection for the worn-out "curates' fund" increased by an involuntary nine and sixpence.



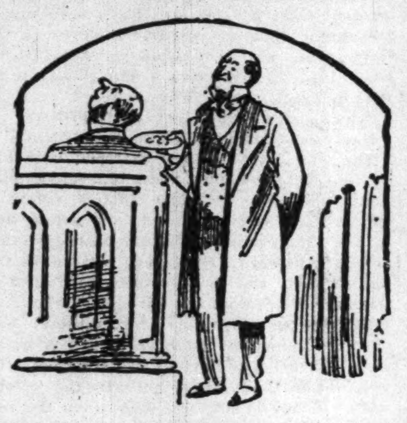
SELF-SATISFIED DROP OF THE HALF-CROWN.



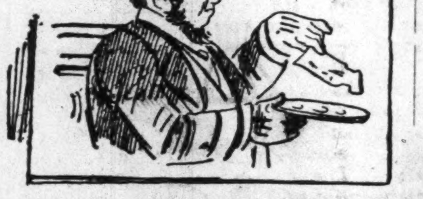
SEARCHING FOR THE LAST NICKEL.

But, above all, the threepenny piece stands pre-eminent as a collection coin, and it is open to doubt whether collections generally would benefit or suffer by the abolition of this diminutive but useful coin. It is said to form part of fully half the average collection, and might have been specially designed for that purpose, so easily may it be hidden between the finger and thumb of the giver, and gently deposited in the bag or box. One drawback is the fact that it rarely makes any sound in dropping into the bag, which causes the contributor to be somewhat doubtful at times if it has gone in at all. But far be it from the collector to despise the "nimble threepenny bit."

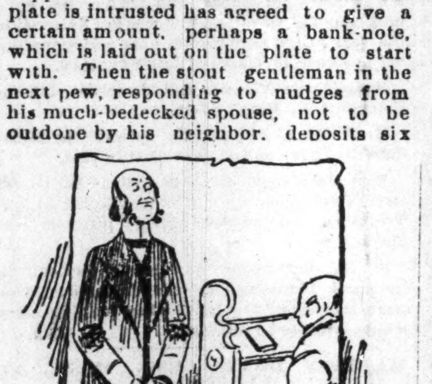
Then we come to the bronze. It would be a matter of astonishment to some to know the large number of pence and halfpence that are given to collections. They are heavy, and take up much room. Even farthings are sometimes found in the collection bags of so-called fashionable churches. A well-known divine of a West-End church, which is usually crowded, some time ago informed his congregation that their weekly offering did not average a farthing each person, and begged them to make it a penny. The well dressed individuals who contribute coppers have often a peculaiar habit of dipping their hand well in the bag. Now, a penny makes a good thumping sound in falling, and it may probably be on this account the humble copper is so carefully concealed by the fingers, and with a gentle, gliding motion is deposited in the receptacle. Among other curiosities of the collection bag three-halfpenny pieces, foreign coins, and brass buttons are not unknown, and occasionally articles of jewelry have been found after an exceptionally exciting exhortation. Finally, we come to those people who do not give anything, and sometimes puzzle the collector. They are either deeply absorbed in some distant object in the opposite direction, or engaged in a careful examination of the roof of the building, or may be singing vigorously, and apparently utterly oblivious of the fact that the bag waits under their nose. Others shrink up into a corner of the pew, and from a gentle depreciating glance or shake of the head the collector knows to pass on. The nervous man is always in a flurry, and begins to get his coin ready early. He first places it in his waistcoat pocket as a convenient situation; then he'll presently feel to make sure it is there, and eventually, thinking he might perchance be unable to find it in time, holds it consciously in one hand, his book in the other, and probably with the laudable intention of carrying out the scriptural precept of "Letting not his right hand know what his left hand doeth," blindly dives about for the entrance to the bag. The ostentatious and vulgar person first rattles his money in his pocket, or takes out his purse, and carefully placing the coin betwixt finger and thumb, drops it in from a lofty attitude. To study some eccentricities of collection-making, a visit should be made to some Nonconformist chapel in a small town on the occasion of a great anniversary. As a rule large flat metal plates are brought out, specially for the occasion, so that the meanest may be ashamed of giving copper. The individual to whom the plate is intrusted has agreed to give a certain amount, perhaps a bank-note, which is laid out on the plate to start with. Then the stout gentleman in the next pew, responding to nudges from his much-bedecked spouse, not to be outdone by his neighbor, deposits six greasy sovereigns on the note, which causes quite a flutter of excitement; and so on, till at the close the reverend gentleman is enabled to announce a gratifying increase to the funds. Such are a few of the peculiarities of collection contributors, which may not be infrequently noticed by any careful student of human nature.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*



NONE ARE SO BLIND AS THOSE WHO WON'T SEE.



A CHECK: THE GENTLEMAN WHO LETS HIS RIGHT HAND KNOW.



STUDY OF A COLLECTOR, WAITING WHILE HIS PLATE IS PASSED UP.

An Apt Illustration.

Every one knows the answer of the school-boy, who was told to "give an example of expansion by heat and contraction by cold," and who replied, "Days are longer in summer and shorter in winter." A new example of the readiness of some minds to apply illustrations to phenomena came recently under the writer's notice. An Irish servant-girl, newly admitted to service in a lady's house, was told by her mistress that the current day was the shortest of the year. Bridget replied: "Is it, indade, mum? Sure, and now oi come to think of it, oi had no sooner taken down the dhinner than it was toime to bring up the tay."—*Harper's Magazine.*

A Beaver Falls man says he caught a rat by placing an apple-core with a string tied to it near the rodent's hole. Then he waited and watched until the rat came out and swallowed the core, string and all. The man then pulled on the string and killed the rat.

Suppressing the Government.

The "town" itself consisted of a general store, two dwellings, a blacksmith shop, and a railroad depot, and the Post Office was in the back end of the store. Three or four of us had ordered our mail directed there, supposing it to be a place of some importance. Therefore, after the train had departed, we went over to the store to make inquiry. The Postmaster sat on his counter smoking a clay pipe, and nothing indicated that he was in a hurry.

"After mail, eh?" as he looked us over.

"Yes."

"Did any of you ever think what a responsible position a Postmaster occupies?"

None of us replied, and he crossed his legs, looked into vacancy, and continued:

"He is a part of the Government. He represents the Government. He is, to a certain extent, the Government. As the Government, he should command respect. Gentlemen, remove your hats."

"Who to?" demanded the wire-fence man.

"To me, sir—to the Government."

"Not by a blanked sight! If you are the Postmaster of this jack-rabbit Post Office, then you hump yourself and hand out our mail!"

"Gentlemen, is them your sentiments, also?" queried the old man as he turned to us.

"They are."

"Then you don't git a cussed letter out of this Post Office! You have assumed the attitude of treasonists toward this Government, and you git no favors from it."

"See here, you old lop-shouldered gander-shanked idiot, do you mean to say you won't pass out our mail?" exclaimed the fence man as his hair began to stand up like the barbs in his product.

"That's jist what I mean to say. This Government don't bluff."

"Well, if you won't, then I will!" He started for the back room, but the Postmaster hopped off the counter and obstructed him and said:

"This is high treason for sure. This Government warns you not to enter that room."

"Will you get our mail?"

"No, sir."

"Then stand aside."

The fence man pushed ahead, and the Postmaster took hold of him. Then there came a biff-bang! and the Government was knocked over among a pile of rope and axe handles. The Chicago man got him by the leg, drew him outdoors, stood him up and "lifted" him, and as the old man started up the road on a run we went back to the Post Office and wire fence looked over the box of letters and passed out half a dozen. We were reading them in the shade of the depot building when the Postmaster returned. One eye was nearly shut, and he had his jaw in a sling.

"Get your mail?" he asked, as he came sliding up.

"Yes."

"Want anything more?"

"No."

"Gents, I want to explain my conduct. I got my commission as P. M. only three days ago. It didn't swell my head at all until the old woman began to say as how we now stood at the head of society here, and that the State of Nebraska and most of the Union rested on my shoulders, and she put it so strong that I got rattled and made an ass of myself. Gentlemen, the swelling has disappeared. Come over and take sumthin' out of my bottle."—*N. Y. Sun.*

A Region of Perpetual Frost.

The altitude of the Stevens mine on Mount McClellan (Cal.) is 2,500 feet. At the depth of from 60 to 200 feet the crevice matter, consisting of silica, calcite, and ore, together with the surrounding wall rock, is a solid frozen mass. McClellan is one of the highest eastern spurs of the snowy range. It has the form of a horseshoe, with a bold escarpment of feldsparic rock nearly 2,000 feet high, which in some places is nearly perpendicular.

In descending into the mine nothing unusual occurs until a depth of eighty or ninety feet is reached, when the frozen territory begins and continues for over 200 feet. There are no indications of a thaw summer or winter.

The whole of the 200 feet of frozen walls is surrounded by massive rocks. The miners being unable to excavate the frozen material with pick and drill in the usual way, found that the only way to mine in this peculiar lode was to kindle a huge fire against the "face" of the tunnel, and in the morning take out the ore that had been thawed loose during the night.

In fact, this was the only mode of mining used while going through the frozen belt some ten or fifteen years since. The tunnel is now many hundred feet deep, and still there is no diminution of the frost. There is, so far as can be seen, no opening or channel through which the frost could possibly have reached such a depth from the surface. Besides this there are many other mines in the same vicinity in a like frozen state.

The theory is that the rock was deposited in glacial times, when there was cold enough to freeze the very earth's heart. In that case the mine is an ice-house, whose stores have remained unthawed for at least 80,000 years.

The phenomenon is not uncommon or inexplicable when openings can be found through which a current of air can pass; but cases which, like the Stevens mine, show no opening for air currents must be referred to imbedded icebergs of the glacial period.—*Baltimore American.*

A Bad Hand.

The widow had just said no.

"Life is a game," said Mr. Upson Downes, reflectively. "I thought it was drawn, and I drew for a queen, but it seems to be euchre for me."

"In that case," said the lady, consolingly, "you will have to go it alone."

"Yes, and what's worse," said Mr. Downes, "I can't take my partner's best card."

"I always knew you were a horrid mercenary thing," remarked the widow, as she cut out of the room and left Mr. Downes to shuffle sadly on his lonesome way.—*Puck.*

For the first time in its history the British navy has to hunt for stokers. They have established a regular recruiting party similar to that used for the army.

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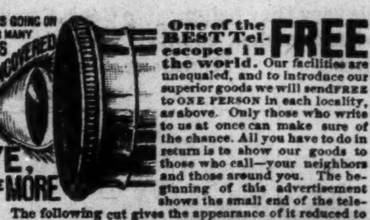
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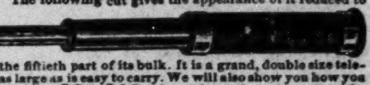
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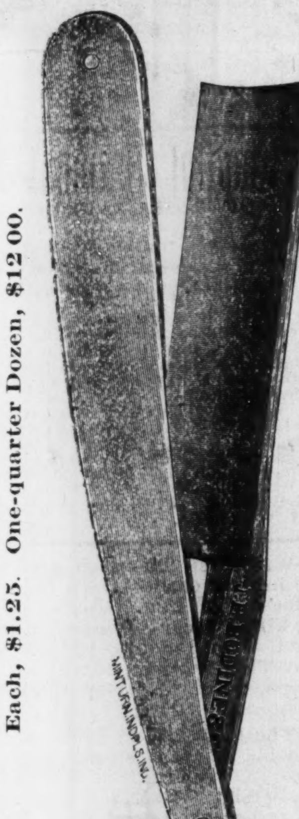

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Metempsychosis.

The printer was busy in front of his case
When slowly a smile made its way o'er his face,
As he thought what a field was presented to view.
In case transmigration should prove to be true;
And his fancy, in light typographical play,
Wove itself round the theme in the following way;

There's a girl ever peering with curious eyes,
In hopes of a "find" to amuse or surprise.
Your letters she holds to the flare of the light
To see if the signature's somewhere in sight.
Upon her demise, if our guess we don't miss,
She'll return to our view in a shape like to this:
?

Another is fair as the lily that nods
A salute to the sun as through heaven he plods.
But astonishment has her held tight in its spoil,
She's filled with surprise o'er each fact that you tell,
With "Goodness!" "Oh My!" and the like she's so free
That some day like this she will certainly be:
!

And one has a temper like pepper, cayenne;
Hurls angry explosives with tongue and with pen,
Each word is as sharp as the sting of a bee,
Each sentence as long as a wind from the sea,
Keenest satire condensed has its home in her mind,
A form like to this she will certainly find:
†

But one is as tenderly soft as the light
Which beams on the earth from the sky's vaulted height.
No star in the heavens has radiance more clear
Than this acme of all that can charm and endear.
Her likeness? The types are in woeful disgrace,
For this is the best to be found in the place:
*

—Washington Post.

"FIFTY CENTS A TICKET."

She was spreading towels and table-cloths on the crisp, short grass to bleach, when he saw her first—a slim, Diana-like young creature, with large, limpid eyes, a brown skin not entirely innocent of freckles and a mass of jetty shining hair, which had broken loose from its coarse horn comb and fell in ink-black ripples down her back. There was a little brook twining its transparent sparkles around the gnarled roots of an ancient tree, and a back-ground of black-green laurel, which with the sun-bathed meadow in front, made a sort of rustic picture that struck Paul Gessner's artistic fancy as he crossed the wooden bridge.

"I should like to sketch her," he thought to himself. "I wonder, now, what she would say to it!"

But before he could get his pencil and mill-boards out the young Diana had poised her empty basket lightly on her head and was gone.

"I'm sorry for that," soberly pondered Gessner. "She had a brilliant Charlotte Corday sort of a face that would have stood the test of perpetuation on paper!"

And then Mr. Gessner went into the inn and set himself at work to elaborate the notes of his lecture on "The Literature of Queen Anne's Time," which was to be delivered the next evening at the village hall.

There were plenty of people at the inn. Brookbridge was a wild, sylvan sort of place, which attracted people in the summer season. Every farm-house and cottage in the vicinity was crowded, and a "lecture" was something to stir the stagnation of their every-day life. Moreover, Paul Gessner had a reputation for scholarly polish and graceful wit which had reached even to Brookbridge. In our New England villages the cooks are often æsthetic, and the hired men critics, and everybody was talking of the lecture.

"Can't I go?" said Natty Purple. "Oh, I wish I could go!"

The towels and table-cloths were all bleached whiter than snow, between the daisied grass and the July sunshine, and Natty was sprinkling and folding them now, with quick, deft fingers, in an obscure corner of the kitchen.

"You go, indeed!" said Miss Carry Podham, who condescended, to wait at table during the crowded season. "You've too much to do in the kitchen, and besides the tickets are fifty cents each!"

Natty Purple sighed dolorously.

"Fifty cents!" she repeated. "Oh, then of course it's out of the question!"

For Natty's slender wages were all of them expended in the support of a good-for-nothing old grandsire who, when he was not drinking a great deal too much whisky, was suffering unheard-of agonies with the rheumatism. She never wore anything but calico, and drudged away in the inn kitchen like a modern Cinderella, without any of the eclat which, in ancient story, appertained to that young person.

But later in the evening the head stable-man looked into the kitchen, where Cinderella was darning a well-worn table-napkin and Mrs. Podham was preparing brook trout for a breakfast for the morrow's early travelers.

"Where's Jim?' said the head stableman.

"Gone out," said Mrs. Podham, curtly.

"I want some one to row one of the boarders out on the lake," said the stableman.

"He's a picter-painter, I guess. He wants moonlight effects, he says" (with a chuckle.)

"I'd a deal ruther hev feather-pillow effects myself. Then where is Dick?"

"Dick never's on hand when he's wanted," Mrs. Podham replied. "I haven't seen him since supper."

"Then he'll lose a 50 cent job," said the stableman. "Well, I s'pose I can hunt up some one somewhere."

"Fifty cents!" cried Natty Purple, springing to her feet. "I'll go, Thomas! I'm handy with the oars, and I'm just perishing for a breath of cool air from the water."

"Them napkins isn't mended," croaked Mrs. Podham, discouraging.

"I'll finish 'em when I come back," said Natty, coaxingly. "Do let me go, just once!"

So that when Mr. Gessner came out to the edge of the lake with his picturesque Spanish cloak thrown across one shoulder, and his sketching apparatus under his arm, Nattie Purple sat in the boat ready to row him whether he would go.

"Hello!" said Paul. "Why, you're a girl!"

"Yes, I'm a girl," apologetically confessed Natty. "But I'm a good hand to row, and I know all about the lake. I can take you straight to Echo Cove, where the water-lilies grow thickest, and past the Old Indian rock, and——"

"Agreed," said Paul, good-humoredly. "But was there no man about the place to undertake this disagreeable job?"

"Oh, it isn't disagreeable," said Natty, earnestly. "I like to row! And, besides, I do so much want to earn 50 cents!"

"Do you?" said Paul. as the little boat, propelled by Natty's skillful strokes, vanished into the deep shadow of the overhanging birches that fringed the lovely tides. "May I venture to ask why?"

"Oh, yes," said Natty. "It's no secret, I want to go to the lecture tomorrow night."

Paul Gessner smiled to himself in the moonlight, as he sat there like a Spanish gondolier.

"Do you suppose it will be very interesting?" said he.

"Interesting!" echoed Natty. "Of course it will be. Haven't you heard? Mr. Gessner is to deliver a lecture on the literature of Queen Anne's time."

"And who is Mr. Gessner?" demanded the young man.

"If you don't read the magazines, of course you can't be expected to know," said Natty Purple, with some natural impatience. "But I have read everthing he writes. He is stopping at our place now, they tell me."

"Is he?" said Paul. "You are the landlady's daughter, I presume?"

"No, I am not," acknowledged honest Natty. "I help in the kitchen. "I am Natalie Purple,"

"Well, then, to be honest with you, Miss Purple," said Paul, feeling a sting of conscious, "I am Paul Gessner!"

Nattie gave such a start that the boat careened dangerously to one side.

"You!" she cried.

"Yes, I! Now, if you will take me safe to the Echo Cove I will give you a complimentary ticket. So there!"

"No," said Nattie, with true womanly pride, "I accept no favors, even though I am nothing but a working girl. If I am to have a ticket at all I prefer to to earn it.

Paul was silent. In truth, and in fact, he felt a little ashamed in the presence of this flute-voiced, independent young beauty.

"You must have read a great deal," said he at last.

"Oh! I have," said Natty. "We are not so busy in winter, you see, and besides, all the girls lent me their newspapers and magazines. But I never expected to see a gentleman who wrote books."

"I hope he comes up to your expectation," said Paul.

"I must have time to make up my mind about that," said Natty, with all good faith.

And once again our hero found himself at a loss for something to say.

Aut when he came out into the moon-bathed glories of the Echo Cove, where all the world was steeped in silver softness and the matted masses of water-lilies were swinging to and fro on the tides like emerald carpets, his tongue was loosened once again, and before they came back, he and Nattie Purple were on terms of the pleasantest acquaintanceship.

But he had not sketched half so much as he had expected.

"The light was so uncertain," he said, "he could reproduce it better by the next day's memory."

Nattie went to the lecture with her 50-cent piece and listened with a grave and critical intentness, which spurred Paul Gessner on to his highest elocutionary effects.

"It was very good," she said the next day, "very good, indeed. It has given me something to think about. And, oh, dear! I have so much time for thinking!"

"Natty," said Mr. Gessner (everybody called the girl "Natty" here), "I have been wondering why you stay here at all."

"Where else should I stay?" she questioned him, with simple directness.

"Why do you not go to Boston and teach school?" he questioned.

"Oh!" cried Natty, clasping her hands eagerly, "do you think there would be any possibility of my obtaining a situation there?"

"We must see what can be done," said Paul, reflectively.

So Grandfather Purple was left in charge of a thrifty neighbor and staid by himself that winter, while Natty went to Boston to try her luck in one of the grammer schools. In the spring she came back, apparently transformed into a new creature.

"I didn't want you," growled the old man. "The Widow Malley takes good enough care of me. To tell you the truth, we was married last week, and Mrs. Purple she don't want no step-granddarters around."

"Oh, grandfather, I am so glad!" cried Natalie, turning pink and white in one breath. "Because I am not coming back to stay, Mr. Gessner——"

"Oh, I understand," said Grandfather Purple, chuckled hoarsely. "You're going to be married, too."

"Yes," said Natty, "I'm going to be married."

Thus ended the little Brookbridge idyl. Natalie was happy. So was Paul Gessner. As for Grandfather Purple and his elderly bride, let us hope that they were not very unhappy. For the roses and nightingales of life can not be enjoyed by every one and the spring-tide of the world comes but once—*Amy Randolph in N. Y. Ledger.*

The Blame Where it Belongs.

Here is a chance for a lively discussion over a provincialism. A New England woman thus writes in the Boston *Transcript:* "I am a Yankee, born and bred. I have lived much in the country, and I never heard a New Englander say 'haow' or 'caow.' On the other hand, I have never met a Philadelphian or a Southerner who did not say 'haow,' 'haouse,' 'caow.' Lay the blame on the shoulders of the culprits. Don't malign us poor Yankees. We 'guess' that we are faulty in many ways, but we know that we do not commit the crime with which you charge us." Now, what are the facts?

Emin Pasha's accident recalls the fact that Karl Mauch, another German-African explorer, passed successfully through great dangers in the interior of Africa for several years, but fell out of a window upon his return and sustained fatal injuries.

DESTRUCTION OF BISON.

An Industry that Might Have Earned $25,000,000 Annually Stupidly Wiped Out—A Stern Lesson.

In the settlement of the West much was done to which, let us hope, the historians of the future will be a little blind. The brave and somewhat terrible men who crossed the Alleghanies into a then apparently illimitable wilderness developed and transmitted to their children a certain disregard for the rights of the natives, brute and human, with whom they came into contact which has only now begun to disappear. A sad and bitter lesson had to be learned by the Western people before they were able to appreciate the sentiment which should have availed to make the progress of civilization less uncivilized. This lesson was sternly enforced when they suddenly realized five years ago that of the uncounted millions of buffalo which had roamed the prairies at any time prior to 1870 in dense herds, covering acres on acres of land, scarcely a thousand were left. An industry that might easily have earned $25,000,000 annually to the Northwestern and Southwestern sections had been literally destroyed, and destroyed in a way as stupid as it was brutal. No event resulting from Western settlement is more shocking or more unfortunate than the extermination of the American bison.

In a recent publication issued from the Government Printing Office, Superintendent Hornaday, of the Zoological Park, has given an exhaustive account of this magnificent animal, certainly the noblest ruminant that has ever trod the earth, of his habits, his haunts, his place in American zoology, and of the wicked manner of his taking off. It is a highly interesting book, but it can only be read with an ever-increasing sense of pain and shame. It is a reasonable estimate that the great southern herd of buffalo contained in 1870 6,000,000 animals, and the northern herd about twice as many. In fifteen years all these majestic beasts have been killed, and by methods the epitome of meanness. The Indian buffalo chase was a great sport, full of excitement, sufficiently touched with risk and danger, and open to no objection. So long as the white hunter confined himself to the Indian methods, even though he used a far deadlier and more certain weapon, he could have made no such impression on the species as menaced its destruction. The chase gave its object at least a chance of escape. But the white hunters were too desperately greedy to be satisfied with honorable sport.

It was the "still-hunt" that exterminated the buffalo. It was taken at a complete disadvantage and murdered by tens of thousands. The buffalo was stupid. He could not understand a rifle-shot. He was dependent, too, upon the leader of his band, and did nothing except what the old cow suggested. The hunter approaching the herd to leeward, had only to get a stand where he was out of sight, and he could go ahead and slaughter the cattle as fast as he could drop cartridges into his rifle. The buffalo would hear a noise they could not locate, see a little puff of white smoke they could not understand, and would watch each other drop to the earth without the slightest appreciation of the cause. In this way a few thousand hunters in a dozen years were enabled to destroy forever an animal of the highest economic value to the country. To-day there are less than 700 wild buffalo in existence.

Mr. Hornaday makes some very valuable suggestions. He points out the danger of the utter extinction of the species by crossing and in-breedings, and urges that steps should be immediately taken for the protection and care of the little band of 200 cows now in the Yellowstone Park. Experiments in breeding buffalo bulls to domestic cows have been highly successful, and are now going on to an extent which justifies the fear that in another score of years the genuine buffalo will not exist at all. Congress should keep ever in view the lesson of the great crime which has made it necessary. Similar "sport" has reduced the bands of elk, moose, caribou and other big game that was once so plentiful in our forests, mountains and plains to a pitiful few. It now threatens our seal, walrus and other marine and fur-bearing animals. Its result is inevitable unless Congress strikes such a blow at it as will break it up forever.—*N Y Tribune.*

A Story About Bismarck.

An advance copy of the third volume of H. V. Sybel's "History of the German Empire," has been received. Probably the most interesting chapters refer to the relations between Prince Bismarck and Count Rechberg, the Prussian and Austrian Ambassadors respectively at the German (Frankfort) Diet. Prince Bismarck (then Herr von Bismarck Schonhausen) soon found out that Count Rechberg was hot-tempered and passionate, but in the main honorable and good-natured. Count Rechberg, on his side, cordially disliked Prussia and its astute representative, but did his best all the same to keep on amicable terms with his colleagues. Both officially and socially there was, however, plenty of friction between the two. On one occasion things came to such a pitch that Count Rechberg, entirely losing his self-control, passionately exclaimed: "One of my friends shall wait on you in the morning." "Why all this unnecessary delay?" Herr von Bismarck coolly replied. "In all probability you have a pair of pistols handy. Let us settle the matter immediately. While you get the things ready, I shall write a report about the whole transaction, which, in case I am killed, I request you to forward to Berlin." Both set about their work. When Bismarck had finished, he handed the sheet to Count Rechberg, requesting him to examine the same. Rechberg's passion had in the meantime given way to sober reflection. After having perused the report he said: "What you say here is quite correct; but is it really worth while to fight a duel for such a reason?" "That is exactly my opinion," was Bismarck's answer, and the matter ended.—*Pall Mali Gazette.*

Joseph Jefferson received $12,000 for his autobiography.

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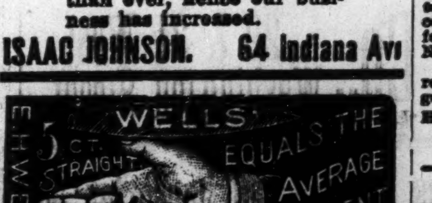

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Jan. 1, 1890. TIME CARD. Central Time.

*Daily.	NORTH.		†Ex. Sunday.
Indianapolis..Lv	†7 00am	†11 10am	*3 05 p m
Muncie.......... "	*9 05 "	1 15pm	5 10 "
Hartford........ar	9 45 "	1 57 "	5 50 "
Montpelier...... "	10 05 "	2 15 "	6 08 "
Bluffton......... "	10 28 "	2 48 "	6 28 "
Fort Wayne...... "	11 35 "	2 45 "	7 49 "
	SOUTH.		
Fort Wayne..Lv	*6 00am	†10 25am	*6 05p m
Bluffton.........ar	6 58 "	11 21 "	7 07 "
Montpelier...... "	7 38 "	11 53 "	7 40 "
Hartford......... "	7 48 "	12 10pm	7 58 "
Muncie........... "	8 20 "	12 50 "	8 40 "
Indianapolis..... "	10 30 "	3 50 "	10 50 "

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In Effect Jan. 12, '90.
Solid Trains Between SANDUSKY and PEORIA
—AND—
Indianapolis, and Michigan City.
DIRECT connections to and from all points in the United States and Canada.
Trains arrive and depart from Indianapolis Union Station as follows:
DEPART—No. 10 passenger, 7:15 a. m.; No. 12 passenger, *1:20 p. m.; No. 14 passenger, 7:00 p. m.; No. 16 express, †11:10 p. m.
Trains not marked run daily except Sunday.
ARRIVE—No. 9 passenger, *10:20 a. m.; No. 11 passenger, *2:50 p. m.; No. 13 passenger, 6:20 p. m.; No. 17 express, †3:10 a. m.
*Daily. †Daily except Saturday.
No. 12, via Tipton, arrive Bloomington at 9:22 p. m., making direct connection with C. & A. fast train arriving at Kansas City 8:30 next morning, connecting direct at Kansas City for Denver, San Francisco and all points West. Free reclining chair cars between Tipton and Missouri river for all passengers.
Nos. 9, 10, 12 and 13 connect at Tipton with main line trains for Sandusky, Bloomington and all points East and West.
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For further information in regard to rates, routes, etc., call on A. H. Sellars, City Passenger Agent, 46 S. Illinois St., or address,
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Leave { Going East *7.00 am. *4.00 am. " West, *7.45 am. *11.15pm. 12.05noon 5.00 pm
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JUST OPENED AT 70 INDIANA AVENUE? We handle a fine line of CHINA GLASSWARE, TINWARE, DRY GOODS, FANCY NOTIONS, SILVERWARE, BRICA BRAC, PICTURES, etc., etc.

Our experience in the Wholesale Business for the past twenty years enables us to buy goods at bed-rock prices, consequently we can sell to our patrons cheaper than any other house in this city. Call and see for yourself.

WM. TREITSCHKE, 70 Indiana Avenue.

MAKE NO MISTAKE, SMOKE THE

FUMAS CIGAR.

See that the word MENDEL appears on the ash. Others are imitations.

THE LARGEST AND BEST LINE OF

Childrens' Carriages

AT THE LOWEST PRICES.

Curtain Stretchers, $3.50 each. Towel Racks, 10c each.

Charles Mayer & Co., 29 & 31 West Washington Street.

We announce ourselves this week, and hereafter we will be known as the

OCCIDENTAL

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CLOTHING HOUSE.

Readers of THE FREEMAN, you will hear from us often. THE OCCIDENTAL ONE PRICE CLOTHING HOUSE.

Our City People

—Miss Beulah Wright is in St. Louis.

—J. Graham McGowan has gone to St. Louis.

—Mr. Frank B. Allen spends his vacation in this city.

—Mr. Cooper, of The Freeman, Sundayed in Cincinnati.

—Joseph Lewis, 167 W. 3rd street, is confined to his bed.

Dame rumor has it that there will be a grand wedding soon.

Dimock's Chicago Candy Kitchen, 94 North Illinois street.

—Mrs. India Keeble is gradually recovering from a severe illness.

—Will see you at Bethel Church next Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock.

—The number of colored persons arrested during march was 320.

—Mr. Clark Ellis goes to Memphis, Tenn., and will probably locate there.

—Charles A. Jordon, of the L. E. and W. R. R. laid over in the city last week.

—It is said that Carter Temple, of the police force, once aspired to be an actor.

—The Massons made a creditable showing Sunday evening at Bethel church.

—"Uncle" Jeff Dixon managed a dress ball at Wrights' Hall Tuesday evening.

—Dr. W. L. Perry of Richmond, is circulating among Indianapolis friends this week.

Mr. George Reeder can be found at his old chair at the Denison Honse Barber shop.

—Mrs. Maud Welch, who has been visiting in Springfield, Ohio, returned home this week.

—Fresh and salt water fish on hand to-day at V. P. Evans' Fulton Market, 61 North Illinois.

Ed Bierd, formerly of this city, has been very ill at Nashville Tenn, but is rapidly improving.

—Rev. W. S. Rollins, P. E. of the Lexington district. M. E. Church, was in the city this week.

The best and cheapest store to buy your hats is at "Seaton's Hat Store," 27 North Penn. street.

—Put the Metropolitian Club concert on your engagement book for next Wednesdoy evening.

—Mrs. M. Goodall died last Thursday at the ripe old age of 100 years. Her funeral occured Saturday.

Spring is here and all welcome it, Dudes are wearing light pants, white vests and Nellie Bly hats.

Young men who press brick for Street & Walker are finding out that the police are getting on to them.

—Capt. W. Patterson and Miss Bettie Mosby were united in marriage last Friday evening. Ceremony private.

—Mrs. Emma Pierce McAfee of Columbus, O., is in the city visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Nathan Pierce.

—Patrolman Nathan Ward has been honorably acquitted of charges preferred against him before the Police Board.

—Short-bill snipes, frogs, teal ducks, English sporrows, pigeons, venison steaks, beef tenderloins, oysters in cans and shell rt V. P. Evans, 61 North Ills. street.

—The Jones Tabernacle people are holding Sunday evening services at the Ninth Presbyterian Church, pending the completion of their own structure.

—Mr. Wm. Lewis resumed work in the office of Secretary of State Griffin Tuesday. Mr. Lewis is a young man of merit, and deserves the distinction shown him.

—Isaac Allen is erecting a six-room double house for rental purposes on the lot adjoining his residence, 198 W. Second street.

—Bethel literary society has been re-organized as to membership, and its promoters hope for increased effectiveness in literary work.

—Mr. W. P. Gardner is endeavoring to secure a number of young ladies and gentlemen of a dramatic turn to produce a drama in the near future.

—E. H. Wells, the popular cigar and tobacco dealer, at 43 North Illinois street, has made an improvement in the way of a nicely designed and decorated sign.

—Mr. Jack Francis, the popular chef, has been engaged to take charge of a large hotel in Poling. N. Y., a summer resort, and will leave shortly for that place.

Pillsbury's best flour White Cloud, full cream cheese, creamery butter, Batavia canned preserves, Shresbury catsup and Chilli sauce at the Pea Green grocery.

Why complain of your grocers bill? When you can buy Standard three pound cans of Crawford peaches at the Pea Green Grocery at twenty cents per can. 45 North Illinois Street.

—The announcement of the opening of the Second Baptist Literary was rather premature. A series of spring meetings are to be held at the church to continue until further notice.

—Easter was generally observed throughout the city last Sabbath. A profusion of flowers ornamented the churches, and there was every appearance of a "new awakening," indeed.

—At the last meeting, of the Metropolitan Club, elven new members were added to the roll. They were, Messrs. C. H. Baughman, L. E. Christy, J. Otto Gibbs, Willis Kersey, A. N. Smoot, J. M. Porter, Frank Bone, Henry Sweetland, Wm. Lewis and Don Wells.

The Cincinnatti Dye Works, south east corner Circle and Market streets, is prepared to do all kinds of cleaning, dyeing and repairing. Gents work a specialty. H. SCHOEN, prop.

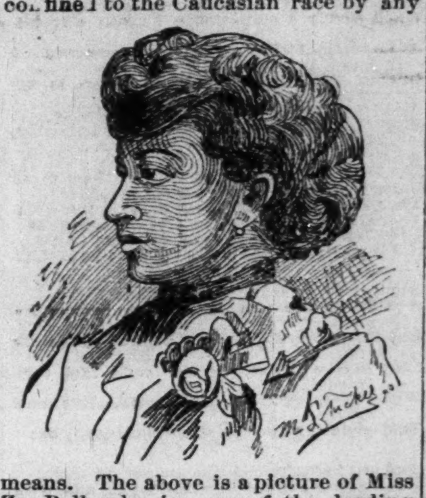
—Bethel Church rallied well last Sabbath and over $100 was raised upon the church debt. During the pastorate of Rev. J. H. Clay, the indebtedness has been decreased from $3,400 to less than $2,000.

—Mr. S. F. Herron, the popular butter, eggs and poultry dealer, contemplates building a handsome structure in the north-western part of the city, to be used both as a residence and grocery.

—A preaching contest is the latest novelty in ministerial circles. Rev. J. M. Morton, of Antioch Baptist Church and Rev. T. A. Gren, of Lovely Lane Zion Church, are the gladiators, who will enter for the glittering prize. Ten young ladies will award the honors.

A COLORED BEAUTY.

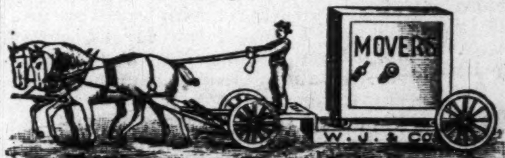
All the pretty girls of Chicago are not confined to the Caucasian race by any means. The above is a picture of Miss Zoe Ball, who is one of the leading lights in south side colored society. Miss Ball is a born singer and accomplished musician. There are very few stringed instruments she does not play. She was born in Toledo, O., in 1873. When scarcely 4 years old Miss Zoe sung in a concert. Since then she has sung in almost every great social event celebrated by representatives of her race. Miss Ball has a good education, and is an extremely bright conversationist. Chicago has been her home for the past twelve years.—Chicago News.



REMOVAL.

Sloan's Drug Store

Removed temporarially to No. 120 South Illinois St.



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Telephone, 356.

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Opening, - Saturday.

Spring Goods at

Slaughter Prices.

A Gennine Bargain List!

Come Saturday! Come Saturday! Come Saturday!

CHILD'S OXFORD TIES

That Cost you $1 and $1.25 at most any house in the city, we offer at our slaughter sale at the wonderful price named,

65 CENTS.

Rochester Shoe House,
15 WEST WASHINGTON STREET.

LADIES' KID SLIPPERS.

The Kid Slippers have arrived one month in advance of the Slipper season, and we will sell you our usual $1.25 grade at

90 CENTS.

Rochester Shoe House,
15 WEST WASHINGTON STREET.

Baby Shoes, 20c.

Think of buying your baby a pair of shoes for 20¢ a pair. These are tan colored and soft and pliable, and are very pretty. We have 300 pairs left and would advise quick action.

Rochester Shoe House,
15 WEST WASH. STREET.
Next to Albert Gall's.

ELEGANT KID AND DONGOLA SHOES FOR LADIES.

Ladies' honest made Goat Button Opera Toe, manufactured by the Pontiac Shoe Co., Illinois, for a $2.00 shoe, we offer at

$1.25.

BABY BRONZE SHOES.

You would willingly pay double this price for these little shoes. They have a bronze top and black kip vamp.

45 CENTS.

Ladies, please give us your attention. 50 cases Ladies' $1.50 Kid Button that came in fresh from the factory a week ago,

98 Cents.

We are slaughtering all our goods, and warrant every pair.

ROCHESTER SHOE HOUSE, 15 West Wash.-st.,
Next to Albert Gall's.

J. L. BIELER,

—REPRESENTATIVE OF—

The Sachs-Prudens' Ale Company,

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FOOD DIDN'T TASTE RIGHT

But Now Everything Seems New and Life is Again Enjoyable.

"I was influenced to try Gun Wa's Chinese Herb and Vegetable Remedies by reading his testimonials in the daily newspapers. At the time I resided in Rushville, Ind., and as I had a daughter living in this city, I concluded to come up here and see what could be done for me," was the remarks of Mr. W. [illegible] Fisk, of No. 259 East New York street.

"When I went to Gun Wa's parlors to see him I found that I would have to await my turn, for there were a number of persons ahead of me and I had to wait some time. Unlike Job, I did not have as much patience, and was on the point of leaving several times, but soon my turn came and I was called to enter, which I did, with little hope, for I had been sick so long and had taken so much medicine that I had almost given up the hope of ever getting well again. I stated my case, which was about this: My general health was all run down, my system was all out of order, I had no appetite, could eat nothing, and what I did force myself to eat did not have any more taste than so many dry chips. I could not walk over a square without being completely done up. I would be so exhausted that I would have to stop and rest, and sometimes it would be as long as twenty minutes before I could navigate steadily again. I began to take the remedies as directed, and in less than two weeks I was able to go to work and keep at it all day—a thing I had not done for over six months. I have been taking these remedies two months now, and I feel as well as anyone, and to-day I feel more like a young man of 30 than an old man past 71.

"I am now employed at the Indianapolis Bicycle Company's factory on North Tennessee street, where I put in my full time. I am an old resident of Bush County, and have lots of friends there. I am a carriage painter by trade, and am over 71 years old. I have worked at the trade since a boy. Few, if any, painters live to my age, and I know of only one—that was Mr. Ward, of Cincinnati,—who came near that age, and he died six months before he reached it. I do and will recommend Gun Wa's remedies to anyone, for I know what they have done for me, and that is: Give me health and strength in my old age."

Those who kindly send Gun Wa their testimonial of cure will confer a favor by enclosing their picture, as without that their testimonial is useless for advertising purposes.

Gun Wa is a Chinese physician, who can not, under the American laws, practice medicine, so he sells prepared Chinese vegetable remedies for various diseases. He has been in Indianapolis several months, during which time he has effected so many remarkable cures that his name will soon be a household word in Indiana.

His suite of parlors are in the second story of 25 West Washington street. Every patient will see Gun Wa privately. No charge for consultation, examination or advice.

A friendly chat with Gun Wa costs nothing. If you can not call on him, send for his circular on cancer, tape worm, rheumatism, piles, female weakness, catarrh, or his book (for men only) on nervous and private diseases. Those suffering from evil effects of follie or excess should call or write. Cure guaranteed.

Office hours, 9 to 12 A. M.; 1 to 5 and 7 to 8 P. M. Sundays, 10 to 12 A. M.; 1 to 4 P. M. In writing always inclose four cents in stamps. Call on or address.

錦和 GUN WA,
25 W. Washington Street,
Indianapolis, Ind.

☞Gun Wa has several parlors. You will see him privately.

The Capitol National Bank

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—When Ben Thornton gets after a man in dead earnest, its a cold day if he does'nt get him. John Lawrence, who killed Oscar Johnson in a drunken browl, several months ago, was captured by Thornton in Louisville last week. The papers of that city speak highly of Thornton's detective skill.

—The Blake Street Saving and Loan Association will start a new series Tuesday, May 6th, 1890. Shares $300,00. Membership for 25¢ per share. Dues, 50¢ per week per share. Premium limited to 15¢ per share. Interest, 6 per cent, payable weekly. For further particulars, apply to W. J. Mauers, 416 and 418 Indiana Avenue.

—The readers of THE FREEMAN, by calling at V. P. Evan's, 61 North Ill's. street, will be furnished daily with a complete bill of fare nicely designed and giving a complete list of oysters, fish, game and Olemargirine received fresh daily. C. LONG, Manager.

—There were grand Easter services at Vermont Street Church last Sunday, and a large and refined audience was in attendance all day. The influence which Rev. Clay is exerting over this church for good, is wonderful. The morning services were largely attended. The altar was beautifully decorated with flowers and exotics, and promiscuosuly through the auditorium was seen hanging a cage containing a feathered songster which added joy and gladness to the whole occasion. Rev. Clay took for his text Luke 23d chapter and 33 verse, "There they crucified Him." Theme Calvery. The sermon was well prepared, and eloquently delivered. The afternoon and evening services were equally grand and imposing. Missionary services were held by the Sunday School in the afternoon. Space will not permit us to give a full account of the entire day's services. The collection for the entire day was $193.83, and the following amounts were raised by the clubs as follows: Tribe of Benjamin, $63.05; Tribe of Judah, $55.88; Tribe of Joseph, $10.56; May Flowers of Bethel, $39.83; Table collection for the day $24.51.

A NEW ENTERPRISE.

Mr. Sim Coy has purchased the old stand formerly owned by Mr. Wahsteller at 27 South Illinois street and had it refitted, remodeled and thoroughly renovated. Mr. Coy intends keeping on hand the choicest brands of wines, liquors and cigars and solicits the patronage of the readers of THE FREEMAN and the public generally. Don't forget the place, 27 S. Illinois street.